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WATERGATE

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THE CHALLENGE OF THE WRECKAGE

Carey McWilliams ***Robert Sherrill*** ***Robert Hatch***

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EDITORIALS

Too Little, Too Late

He finally came down from the mountain and gave us the word. But just what has he done? What do we know now that we did not know before?

The departure of Kleindienst, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean is welcome news, if a bit late. The selection of Elliot Richardson to replace Kleindienst, of William Ruckelshaus for L. Patrick Gray, and of Leonard Garment as special counsel instead of John Dean, are perhaps the best selections the President could have made from his immediate circle of loyal political adherents—a somewhat limited talent pool. Mr. Richardson, we are told, has "absolute authority" to proceed with the Watergate investigation; we hope that statement is true. He also has authority to name a "special supervising prosecutor" which, on its face, is a bit of a weasel. What Mr. Richardson should do—for his sake and ours—is clear: he should name a special prosecutor, not to supervise but to take charge of the Watergate investigation and the ensuing trials. This special prosecutor should have ample funds and power to select his own staff; Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry Petersen and his aides, all of whom have been discredited, should be removed from the case. The FBI should be ordered to cooperate with the special prosecutor.

It would help if the special prosecutor were a Democrat or an independent, or at least acceptable to the top Democratic leadership (not merely to Senator Mansfield); but that is not essential. Herbert Stern, the U.S. Attorney in Newark, James R. Thompson, the U.S. Attorney in Chicago, or Jon Waltz of the Law School, Northwestern University, all Republicans, would be good nominees.

In brief, the President has finally acted, but he has taken only those steps which were essential to project the image that he is now "clean as a hound's tooth." Kleindienst was discredited before he was confirmed. The removal of Haldeman and Ehrlichman was promptly cheered by the Republicans in Congress and is, therefore, good politics. It also gave the President a chance to indulge in a favorite routine: their removal was, predictably, "one of the most difficult decisions" of his Presidency. Of the four men removed, only Dean showed a possible willingness to cooperate before the roof fell in. Having taken this minimal action, the President will now seek to lock the door to his office, ignore the press, and take as many long junkets as possible, to foreign lands of course. He will turn his full attention to "the larger duties" of his office and, rest assured, will try to have nothing more to say or do about Watergate.

The speech itself was soap opera in the manner of his "slush fund" speech of 1952. The President has never lacked the intuitions of a demagogue; he can skillfully measure the amount and variety of "corn" to use in his invariably self-serving and intellectually dishonest presentations. He never fails to say that he could have taken the easy route but manfully did not; he always tries to touch a few heartstrings in his inimitably vulgar way. His TV speeches are Madison Avenue "presentations," empty of content, misleading, couched in wretched rhetoric.

In his speech he told us virtually nothing we did not know and he raised more questions than he answered. He immediately ordered a report on June 17, 1972. What happened to it? Where is it? He was "appalled," "shocked," but "until March of this year" believed what he was told by his staff, who were known to be under investigation. Apparently he did not read a copy of *The Washington Post* for nearly a year. On its face, his statement is simply not credible. The American people would like to be able to believe their President, but the polls indicate that many of them, perhaps a majority, feel that Mr. Nixon was involved in Watergate in the sense that he at all times knew what Mitchell, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean knew.

But more important, he certainly knew—and well before April 17—that efforts were being made to cover up and actually to obstruct the investigation. He must be charged with knowledge of what was being said by a large section of the press and the Republican leadership in Congress. He wants us to believe that 1972 was the one campaign which he let others manage for him. True, he did make fewer speeches because his "handlers" were anxious to keep him off the hustings; he himself was champing at the bit and watching every phase of the campaign. Indeed he set up a special committee to manage his campaign, apart from the GOP.

Haldeman and Ehrlichman are his "closest associates" in the White House and "the finest public servants" he has ever known. Then why should he throw them overboard? Why not grant them leaves? By inference they were overzealous and "may have done wrong in a cause they deeply believed to be right." But the same overzealousness was exhibited by Haldeman in California in 1962 when he managed his first campaign for Nixon. Court records there indicate that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Haldeman knew of and approved a fake letter and poll which was sent out in the name of a "Democratic" committee to members of the Democratic Party, accusing Governor Brown of being "soft on communism" for not excluding Communists from Democratic Party membership. The mind boggles at the notion that he did not know what Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean, Magruder, Colson, LaRue and Mitchell knew about campaign tactics and strategy, the size of the exchequer, and the frenzied efforts to cover up on Watergate. As always, the President presents himself as being angelic: he will not place blame on subordinates but will manfully shoulder responsibility for what happened. President Kennedy accepted responsibility for the Bay of Pigs fiasco, but he did not deny that he knew about it. Who knows more about "the shady tactics" sometimes used in American politics than Richard Nixon? Living witnesses of high repute, Jerry Voorhis, Helen Gahagan Douglas and Earl Warren can testify to his long-standing addiction to precisely the tactics which were used in his 1972 campaign.

What the President has attempted is a whitewash. It may work. The Republicans in Congress are pleased; some of that pressure has been removed. The Democratic leadership, at the top, is weak and unreliable. The public would probably like to pretend that Watergate never happened. All the same there are good reasons to believe that this whitewash won't cover. The trials will drag on. They will be dramatic. More disclosures are certain. More squealers

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will squeal. A larger section of the press will now be engaged and the competition for disclosure will intensify. Then, too, the President is a lame duck, the Republicans are divided over Watergate and what to do about it, and the successorship is up for grabs. It is also unlikely that the President can hold the line he has sought to draw: no communications on Watergate and total preoccupation with affairs of state. Watergate will haunt him wherever he goes, whatever he does. And the Ervin committee hearings will start soon.

The President's problem is that he is responsible for Watergate. He is responsible not merely in the sense that he has indicated but because, in a very real sense, he is the central figure in the case, the spider at the center of the web. What is needed, of course, is an investigation of his role in "this sordid affair" which he once ordered his press aide to dismiss as a third-rate burglary. Even some of his former backers have proposed a resolution of censure. But a better next step would be the appointment of a special panel by the Senate or the House, or jointly, as Rep. John Moss has proposed. The public must have the truth. The President has given us not the truth but a preposterous alibi. What is needed is the kind of investigation that would determine whether a factual basis for his impeachment exists. If such facts can be established, then an impeachment resolution should be introduced; if they can not, then and only then can we begin to forget about Watergate. CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The Nixon Crowd

The frightening thing about the Watergate and auxiliary subversion is that it goes beyond criminal conduct and beyond political deviousness. Dishonest, devious politicians are old stuff in America, but the Watergate kind of venture is new and its apparent motivations are foreign to us. Last fall when he was running for the Presidency, many thought Sen. George McGovern extravagant when he said, apropos Watergate, "History shows us it is but a single step from spying on the political opposition to suppressing that opposition and the imposing of a one-party state in which the people's precious liberties are lost." Those who condone Watergate, he continued, "would have no qualms tomorrow about violating the privacy of the voting booth, or the church or your home if it were necessary to carry out their purposes." It's unlikely that McGovern's appraisal would be so widely rejected today.

The Nixon crowd who participated in—or hired those who participated in—Watergate are ideological extremists who apparently became mentally unhinged in their desire to put down dissent, crush the "radical" opposition and "save" America from the liberals. Jeb Stuart Magruder, for example, who recently resigned as Assistant Secretary of Commerce after reportedly giving testimony that incriminates himself and some of Nixon's closest associates, told an acquaintance last year (according to *The Washington Post*), "it was important that Mr. Nixon win 'at all costs' to save the country."

H. R. Haldeman, Nixon's closest aide until the recent departure from the White House, indicated his outlook on an NBC show in February 1972, when he accused critics of the Administration of "consciously aiding and

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abetting the enemy." Haldeman became enamored of Nixon as a result of his handling of the Alger Hiss case, and as early as 1951 offered his services and loyalty to Nixon, working in his campaigns throughout the 1950s and 1960s. Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post* quotes a former White House intimate as describing Haldeman as "a dangerous man." Indeed, Haldeman's attitude is not much less extreme than that of convicted Watergate burglar Bernard Barker, who said he happily joined the espionage expedition because "I saw the Communists in Cuba doing what McGovern is suggesting be done in this country," or of that other Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis who, his attorney explained, was motivated by the belief that "some people who are Communists have infiltrated the Democratic Party to carry on their evil design."

And then there is the ultimate of this group, G. Gordon Liddy, reputedly the "brains" of the Watergate gang, who was so rabid a defender of the National Rifle Association that even his colleagues at the U.S. Treasury Department were afraid of him and induced the White House to hire him. There he helped cook up the entire espionage apparatus and at one point went to a gun dealer in Virginia, flashed his White House card, and said he was there to buy enough guns to outfit the White House staff. Robert Mardian, who was political coordinator of the Committee for the Re-election of the President (CREEP), had earlier held a top post in the Justice Department where he launched frantic investigations into the activities of alleged "subversives" and "radicals" and led the Justice Department's crackdown on newspapers that published portions of the Pentagon Papers. Mardian has been accused of helping to destroy some of the papers at CREEP that showed its espionage activities. In other words, these guys are hard-line, ideological nuts. It's normal for most citizens to hesitate before assuming that Nixon himself is one of the nuts, but it is also understandable that the public is quickly swinging toward that belief. According to a Harris poll released April 29, just about half those with an opinion were convinced that "President Nixon personally knew about the attempt" to commit espionage against the Democrats.

The assumption is plausible for a number of reasons. First of all, the three people closest to Nixon in recent years have been H. R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman and John Mitchell, former Attorney General and head of CREEP, which was headquarters for the espionage effort. If those three knew about the espionage activities, it is reasonable to assume—considering their loyalty to Nixon—that he knew of these things.

Did they know? James W. McCord, one of the convicted Watergate burglars, named four top White House personnel as having had advance knowledge of the burglary. One of the four was Mitchell; the other three were present or former members of Haldeman's staff. Most of the top jobs at CREEP were held by Haldeman appointees. Dwight L. Chapin, Nixon's appointments secretary and a key assistant to Haldeman, hired political saboteur Donald Segretti, who received money from, among others, the President's personal attorney, Herbert Kalmbach. Gordon Strachan, Haldeman's former top political aide, has testified before the grand jury that Haldeman approved the hiring of Segretti. Ehrlichman has been fingered by White House colleagues as having joined Haldeman in attempting to mislead Watergate investigators; Ehrlichman has been identified as the person who persuaded former FBI acting director, Patrick Gray, to destroy several files relating to the investigation. Ehrlichman was the one who approved the hiring of convicted Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt., Jr., for a White House position, and of outfitting him with a direct-line telephone—the only one in the White House—for communicating with his espionage network.

However, the fellow who initiated the hiring of Hunt was Charles W. Colson, who reported directly to Haldeman and Nixon. Among other jobs assigned to Hunt were (*1*) the hiring of spies to put together a dossier on Sen. Edward Kennedy and (*2*) the planting of a spurious State Department document with *Life* to "prove" that President Kennedy had had complicity in the murder of Diem. Acting under instructions from Ehrlichman to get personal data on Pentagon Papers defendant Daniel Ellsberg, Hunt and Liddy burglarized the offices of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Hunt must have found his association with Colson highly congenial, for Colson enjoys that sort of horseplay. He is allegedly the fellow who wrote the bogus advertisement supporting the bombing of Haiphong harbor; the ad pretended to be the work of a citizens' group but actually was paid for by CREEP. A former official with the re-election committee said he thought Haldeman had cleared the ad because "everything we did was cleared through Haldeman first." Colson was also the behind-the-scenes coordinator of the Rev. Carl McIntire's "win the war" rallies in Washington. As for John Mitchell, after taking an oath that he had never heard of any bugging plans before they were carried out, he now concedes that he had not told the truth and that in fact he had heard of such plans several times. He also admits knowing that a great deal of money was paid to the convicted burglars after they were caught, but of course he denies that this was done to keep them quiet. Jeb Stuart Magruder, a Haldeman man, has allegedly told a grand jury that Mitchell and White House attorney John Dean III, a Mitchell loyalist, had advance knowledge of the espionage and bugging.

The above can be considered only the sketchiest outline of the profound involvement of Nixon's top advisers and assistants in the political espionage of 1972. But even with those clues alone, and bearing in mind the kind of total loyalty these fellows have to Nixon, it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that each and all of them hid what was going on from their esteemed leader.

Columnist Jack Anderson on March 29 reported, "Our own White House sources say the President certainly did not authorize anyone to send a burglary-bugging team into the Democratic lair. But they acknowledge that he approved the overall espionage-sabotage operation. . . ." Anderson's sources have seldom been wrong in their Watergate revelations.

In any event, the notion that Nixon was involved, or at least had knowledge of what his gang was up to, is further supported by history. Sabotage has been his way of political life. He moved into Congress in 1946 not by straightforwardly defeating but by sabotaging Jerry

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Voorhis, one of the most popular and efficient members of the House of Representatives; Nixon pictured Voorhis as virtually a traitor to his country. The same kind of sabotage was used by Nixon to defeat Helen Gahagan Douglas and move into the U.S. Senate in 1950. In 1952, working from within the California delegation, Nixon undercut Earl Warren's attempt to win the Republican nomination—a neat bit of dirty work that helped Nixon win the Vice Presidential nomination. And, as Richard Tuck has written:

> Then there was the full-blooming Nixon race for governor of California in 1962. They were all there then: Klein, Haldeman, Ziegler, Chapin, even Segretti and Kalmbach. Scurrilous mailings appeared all over the state. Gov. Pat Brown was soft on the Communists (whatever happened to them?). Doctored photographs showed the Governor bowing to an Asian Communist leader and with his arm around Harry Bridges, the well-known Communist. When Brown sued to stop the mailing, the "pranksters" involved in the fakes directly (or indirectly through their participation in the campaign) were revealed: Klein, Haldeman, Ziegler, Chapin, Segretti (ever Segretti), and Kalmbach. (John Mitchell hadn't joined the team yet.)

It's a natural step from that to the elections of 1972, and certainly nobody can be surprised to learn that a White House aide wrote the phony "Canuck" letter that seriously damaged Sen. Edmund Muskie's campaign in New Hampshire. In fact, the truest note struck by the political sabotage of 1972 was its Nixonian style. He has reached beyond the normal bounds of political dirty work all his life. In the early days, when he was destroying his opponents' reputations with lies about their patriotism, he could at least offer the excuse of seeking power. But he did not have that excuse for what happened in 1972; he was at the pinnacle of power, and not in the slightest danger of being displaced. These saboteurs cannot claim, as someone has pointed out, to have acted out of such normal impulses as greed or ambition or sex; theirs was a sick and hysterical ideological drive. That is what makes it so scary and so truly un-American. We can survive our sleazy ward bosses but not our clean fanatics.

ROBERT SHERRILL

Grasp the Nettle

One of the principal difficulties in coping with Watergate and, yes, salvaging some benefit from it, is that it is entirely too interesting. All those picturesque "dirty tricks," all those "apparatus" figures, wearing grotesque wigs or merely dark glasses on their own stony faces, suck the public attention as into a vortex, and the events are divorced from history and the context of their time.

From the way the expression has been pinned on them, you might think that the "dirty trick"—which in this context means a covert thrust embodying an element of cuteness—had been invented by CREEP and the ideological bodyguard that has protected Mr. Nixon's power and privacy. In fact, the classic example is the Trojan Horse, and the "art" has persisted ever since, reaching a state of technological efficiency in World War II. Our wartime practitioner of the "dirty trick" was the OSS, whose heir is the CIA. The franchise of this latter agency, we have been repeatedly told, forbids it to operate within the fifty states, but though bureaucracies observe compartments, men do not. Thus, not many years ago, it was discovered that CIA conduits were funneling money into the student movement, that the agency was the "angel" behind *Encounter* magazine. Today we are told that Watergate was not a CIA operation, and that is probably so. But the men caught that night with their gloved hands in the Democratic files were alumni of the CIA, villains for hire by aides to the President.

Nor is Watergate, as the term is now used, merely a piece of Washington's ostentatious real estate or a night of clownish infamy. Watergate is campaign money "washed" in Mexico, it is a deal with ITT for which the pathetic Dita Beard became the scapegoat, it is an agreement to support dairy prices in exchange for money on the barrelhead, it is burglarizing the files of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, it is CREEP's habit of paying for services in cash, and preferably with $100 bills. Watergate, in short, is a secret society which has operated outside the law for the aggrandizement of Richard Nixon, who has never understood what it means to govern, but who has an insatiable appetite to rule.

And therein lies the hope of salvage. For again one must not be entertained by the excitement of scandal to the point of focusing exclusively on the present occasion. Mr. Nixon did not change any directions when he came to the White House in 1968; rather, by an extraordinary act of political blindness, the electorate chose the one public man most likely to accelerate a national trend that had been troubling the more astute political minds for several administrations. (The Rev. Billy Graham has urged the nation to "get down on its knees in repentance before the Lord," and that is always salutary behavior; but in the present instance the only deed of which the nation has cause to repent is its selection of Mr. Nixon in the first place.) Ever since World War II, ever since President Roosevelt, if you will, the balance of power in America had been swinging toward the Executive and away from the Congress. The cold war tipped the scale, the atom bomb added its weight, with Korea more power was ceded, and once our troops were dedicated to the swamp of Vietnam, the White House had rolled the Constitution into a scepter and Mr. Nixon was thrust forward to grasp it.

Now, for the moment, he has lost his grip. He has been forced by circumstances to dismiss his courtiers and stands before the world as a man of whom it must be said, at best, that he was duped by underlings who placed loyalty to him above loyalty to country. This is the moment for the Senate and the House to seize the chance

correction

A typographical error reversed the meaning of the second sentence in Anne Tuckerman's editorial, "New Twists and Turns" (May 7). The sentence should have read, "While the Council reiterated its long-standing opposition to and condemnation of Israeli policy and actions . . ." The editors regret this mishap.

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Watergate has given them. They can, if they will, reassume their powers, seeing to it that the laws they pass are implemented, that the money they appropriate is spent, that treaties are not called executive agreements and signed without their knowledge or consent. Above all they can insist that, overseas, the military shall not wage unofficial war and, at home, the police shall not kick in the doors of unoffending citizens. The Constitution has been crumpled but it is intact; the powers of Congress exist; they need only be exercised.

But the time is now. If the legislators wait to see what "he" will do next, he will oblige them with a display of vigorous activity designed to stimulate crises, generate headlines and bury Watergate in the dust of Executive adventures. There is no new Nixon; there never has been a new Nixon. From Checkers to Watergate is a perfectly straight line, and when he asks for our prayers, it is a wolfish request. True, the people elected him, but with a saving gleam of self-protection, they also elected one of the potentially most resourceful Congresses in recent decades. "Watergate" should be a banner flying from the dome of the Capitol and the lights should burn all night.

Now there are those who already say that the office of the Presidency must not be sullied, particularly because that might damage our standing in the rest of the world. Mr. Nixon struck that note in his speech to the nation—he plans great deeds in distant lands—and Mr. Kissinger has called for "compassion." But in the first place the Presidency cannot be divorced from the President—at any given moment, it is what the President makes it—and at this moment it would be pouring arrogance on hypocrisy to pretend that Mr. Nixon has upheld the dignity of his office. If we value the opinion of the world, we should take care not to insult its intelligence. And in the second place, even before Watergate Mr. Nixon's foreign relations balance sheet was spotty. The Swedes had stated and repeated their sense of outrage over Southeast Asia; the Japanese, who feel snubbed, had rejected all ceremonial overtures; the Russians extracted from an elated visitor the most one-sided wheat deal a hungry nation ever made with its food-rich contractor. Our dollar is in disrepute the world over, our tariff proposals are objects of universal suspicion, our multinational corporations are dislocating other national economies.

Governments beyond our shores care very little about our system of checks and balances, of divided power. What does concern them is that a nation of such wealth and strength should be soberly governed, that its economy should be sound, its promises trustworthy, its ambitions restrained, and its motives such as can be openly avowed.

They do not have such assurances today, and they will not have them until the United States reverts to its traditional, and constitutional, form of government. Mr. Nixon is not the cause of our malaise; he merely inherited it and packaged it in the sensational wrappings of Watergate. Now that these are ripped away, it is embarrassing to admit what mean and shabby behavior an American President could inspire. But he cannot make good the damage; he is part of it, and in any case it is not in him to do so. This spring is Congress' honeymoon with the American people; but if Congress does not act, the golden chance will not last the summer. ROBERT HATCH

THE WATERGATE BLOTTER

On June 18, 1972, the day after the Watergate break-in, John Mitchell identified James McCord as "the proprietor of a private security agency who was employed by our committee months ago to assist with the installation of our security system. He has, as we understand it, a number of business clients and interests." At that time McCord was the full-time, salaried security coordinator of the Nixon campaign committee, and his only two clients were the Committee to Re-elect the President (CREEP) and the Republican National Committee.

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At the Florida White House on June 19, Ronald Ziegler, Mr. Nixon's press secretary, said that neither he nor the President would comment on "a third-rate burglary attempt."

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On June 22, at a White House press conference, the President said, in response to the question—"Mr. O'Brien [Lawrence O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Committee] said that the people who bugged his headquarters had a direct link to the White House. Have you had any sort of investigation made to determine whether this is true?"—"Mr. Ziegler and also Mr. Mitchell, speaking for the campaign committee, have responded to questions on this in great detail. They have stated my position and have also stated the facts accurately."

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On August 22, Murray Chotiner, one of Mr. Nixon's oldest and closest political advisers, said there is "no reason for our people to panic" over Watergate. "It was so stupid, it's clear it could not have been authorized by any of the responsible people" in Nixon's circle.

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On August 28, Atty. Gen. Richard G. Kleindienst promised that the investigation of the Watergate bugging affair would be "the most extensive, thorough and comprehensive investigation since the assassination of President Kennedy. . . . I'm not nervous about it."

•

Mr. Nixon, at a Western White House press conference (August 29): "I can say categorically that his [Dean's] investigation indicates that no one in the White House staff, no one in this Administration, presently employed, was involved in this very bizarre incident. What really hurts in matters of this sort is not the fact that they occur, because overzealous people in campaigns do things that

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are wrong. What really hurts is if you try to cover it up."

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On September 5, Mr. Mitchell told reporters, "Neither the President nor anyone at the White House or anyone in authority at the committee working for his re-election have any responsibility" for the break-in and bugging.

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On September 9, the Justice Department completed investigation of the Watergate case without implicating any present officials of either the White House or the Committee to Re-elect President Nixon.

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Maurice H. Stans, finance chairman of the re-election campaign, on September 13 described a Congressional report charging that funds were mishandled as "rubbish," "transparently political" and full of "deliberate falsehoods, misrepresentations and slanted conclusions."

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On September 15, to George McGovern's assertion that "at all stages of this investigation it remained a political case under the total direction and control of Mr. Nixon's political operatives, working through Mr. Kleindienst," Asst. Atty. Gen. Henry E. Petersen responded: "Senator McGovern's charges are completely unfounded. . . . The investigation has been conducted under my supervision. In no instance has there been any limitation of any kind by anyone on the conduct of the investigation."

•

At his October 5th press conference, Mr. Nixon said: "Well, I have noted such charges; as a matter of fact, I have noted that this Administration has been charged with being the most corrupt in history, and I have been charged with being the most deceitful President in history. . . . I am not going to dignify such comments."

On October 15, asked to comment on *Washington Post* stories charging him with being the "contact" for Donald H. Segretti, identified as a political saboteur, Presidential Appointments Secretary Dwight Chapin said, "As the *Post* reporter has described it, the story is based on hearsay and is fundamentally inaccurate."

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Next day, asked about stories charging Nixon aides with paying for a program of subversion within the Democratic campaign, Mr. Ziegler called it "shabby journalism" and said, "I am not going to comment on stories based on hearsay, or where innuendo or character assassination is involved. I am not going to dignify that with a comment." He said that the President's "concern goes to the fact that the stories that are being run are based on hearsay, innuendo, guilt by association. He is concerned about the fact that this type of thing is taking place. It goes without saying that this Administration does not condone sabotage or espionage or the surveillance of individuals or preparing dossiers on them, but it [the Administration] does not condone innuendo or source stories that make broad sweeping charges about the character of individuals."

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And also that day, Clark MacGregor, Mr. Nixon's campaign manager, observed: "The *Post* has maliciously sought to give the appearance of a direct connection between the White House and the Watergate—a charge the *Post* knows—and a half dozen investigations have found—to be false."

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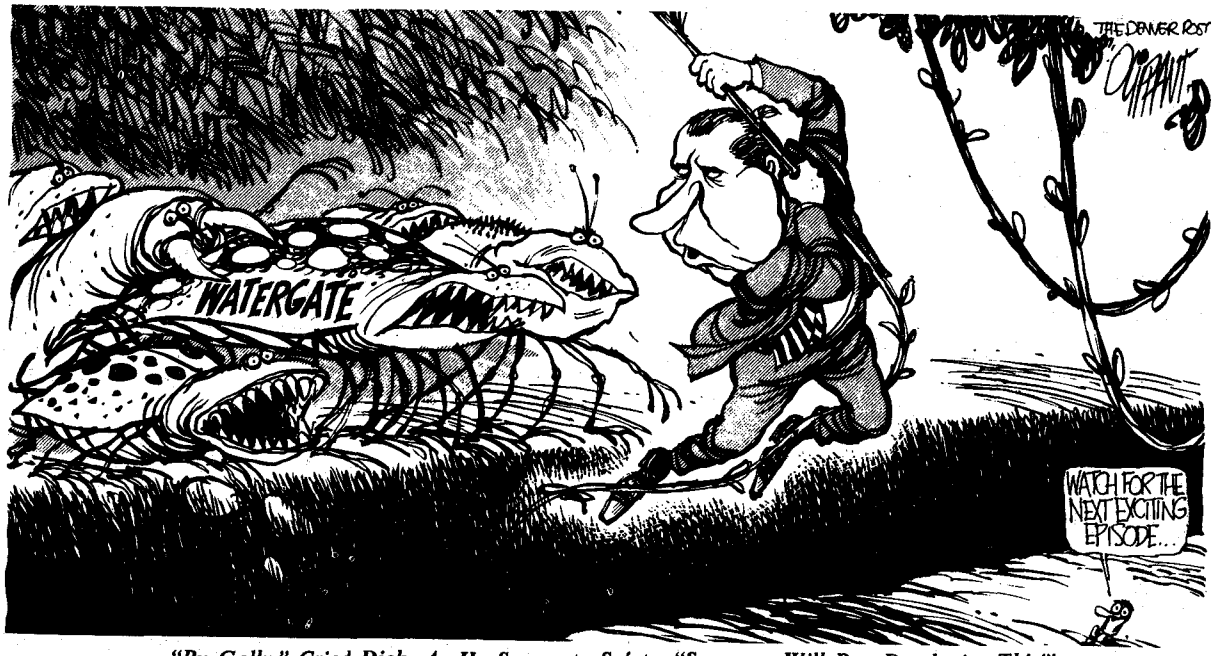
On October 18, press secretary Ziegler said: "If anyone had been involved in any such activity [sabotage, spying or espionage] they would no longer be at the White House because this is activity that we do not condone and do not tolerate." Asked again, "Are you as-



"By Golly," Cried Dick, As He Swung to Safety, "Someone Will Pay Dearly for This!"

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serting that no one in the White House was involved in this?" Ziegler responded, "I am saying that if anyone was involved in that type of activity which I referred to they would not be working here."

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On March 24, 1973, Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott quoted the President as saying, "I have nothing to hide. The White House has nothing to hide. I repeat, we have nothing to hide and you are authorized to make that statement in my name."

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On March 25, after convicted conspirator James McCord told Senate investigators that John Dean and Presitial assistant Jeb Stuart Magruder had prior knowledge of the bugging, Mr. Ziegler said: "The White House categorically denies this story. There is no substance or fact to it. Mr. Dean had absolutely no prior knowledge or any awareness whatsoever of the Watergate incident. The story is flatly incorrect."

That same day, Mr. Magruder said: "As I have stated before, and as has been stated by Mr. Mitchell, we did not have prior knowledge of the bugging."

Also, that same day, Mitchell denied that others in the re-election committee, aside from those already convicted, were involved; he added, "I can't conceive what he's [McCord's] talking about."

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Ziegler, March 26: "I again specifically deny as absolutely false the fact that Mr. Dean had prior knowledge" of the bugging. The President, he said, has "absolute, total confidence" in Dean.

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On March 30, Mr. Ziegler announced: "The President wants it made clear it has not been and is not and will not be the objective of the White House to cover up or withhold any information on the Watergate matter. No one in the White House had any involvement or prior knowledge of the event."

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On April 12, after Senate and Justice Department investigators had confirmed that Mitchell, Dean, Liddy and Magruder were all present during a February 1972 meeting in Mitchell's office, DeVan L. Shumway, spokesman for the Nixon re-election committee, said that Mitchell did not recall such a meeting.

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On April 17, Mr. Nixon finally tells the press: "On March 21, as a result of serious charges which came to my attention . . . I began intensive new inquiries into this whole matter. . . . There have been major developments. . . . If any person in the executive branch or in the government is indicted by the grand jury, my policy will be to immediately suspend him."

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Shortly after Nixon's statement, Mr. Ziegler told the press, "All previous White House statements about the Watergate case are 'inoperative.' The President's statement today is the operative statement."

CARIBBEAN NATIONALISM

THE CALYPSO REVOLUTION

BRUCE GARVEY

In Trinidad's throbbing calypso tents singers with such names as Lord Shorty, Chalkdust and Lord Valentino give voice to the troubles of the Caribbean with a fervor that any prairie Populist might envy. "I'll die for black people's liberation," sings Lord Valentino, and a Port-of-Spain tabloid carries a headline in 2-inch letters: "It's a Calypso Revolution!"

The biting and powerful message of a calypso—a political art form with roots in the stinking holds of slave ships—stirs the black populace, while thousands of white tourists sit beneath the warm stars, enchanted by the mellow rhythm of poolside steel bands. Ten years after the bigger islands launched happily into independence, the English-speaking Caribbean—Harry Belafonte's paradise of "sparkling waters and shining sands"—is a puzzled and angry world. Sensing the mood as well as any politician, The Mighty Sparrow, the Caribbean's biggest calypso star/entrepreneur, puts it as well as anybody: "Black power we already have in Trinidad. We have black political power; we have black purchasing power. What we don't have is black economic control."

If Britain's legacy to its former Caribbean colonies was a competent bureaucracy, well-trained police forces, a workable judicial system and the structure of parliamentary democracy, it was also a crippling lack of economic control. Trinidad's scholarly Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams, a former lecturer at Howard University in Washington, says simply: "The essential characteristic of the colonial regime . . . is that it produced what it did not consume, and consumed what it did not produce." A decade after independence, Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados are still struggling against the colonial dictum that shaped their economies to British needs.

To the British, they were sunny, rum-producing plantations of bananas and sugar cane—and ideal for holidays. Britain would buy the sugar and bananas, and sell the captive states everything else they needed. Despite valiant efforts by the fledgling Caribbean governments to create

Bruce Garvey is a Washington correspondent for the Toronto Star.

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viable national economies, the old colonial economic structure is still very much the order of the day, diluted only by the new (postwar) industry of tourism.

Now the Union Jack is largely gone, and the multinational corporation, rather than colonial bureaucracy, is the stumbling block. Trinidad has traded its dependence on the British for an increasing reliance on revenues from U.S. oil giants such as Amoco and Texaco. In Jamaica, Canadian bauxite interests are the new colonial masters. Time is the enemy, and the fate of fragile parliamentary democracies lies in the balance.

Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley was elected after a Populist campaign in which he stumped the country carrying a cane he called "a rod of correction . . . to beat down Babylon." Now he slashes away with his rod at the almost overwhelming statistics of 20 per cent illiteracy and at least 25 per cent unemployment in a country of 2 million. It's an unenviable task and Manley, educated at McGill in Montreal, has privately expressed the fear that if he can't effect dramatic improvements, Jamaica's next Prime Minister may not take the democratic route to office.

In Trinidad, oil-rich and only a few miles from the South American mainland, many government critics believe that Dr. Williams has already departed dangerously from parliamentary tradition. Since riots against Canadian-owned banks three years ago, he has purged a mutinous army, beefed up loyal police and coast guard forces, and shown little hesitation to declare states of emergency and whisk militant agitators into jail. In elections last year, Williams' Peoples National Movement won all thirty-six seats in Parliament, but only 27 per cent of those eligible to vote cast their ballots, the others mounting a boycott to demonstrate their disgust with the government.

Ironically, Williams, a former radical, has gone further than any other Caribbean leader in demanding local participation in foreign-owned business enterprises. His government now owns a huge array of companies that range from the local Hilton Hotel, a flour mill, meat-packing plants, the phone company, gas stations and the dubious asset of British West Indian Airways, a multimillion-dollar loser. Canadian banks are being forced to sell 51 per cent interests to local people—whenever the government decides that the shares should be put on the market. "Who's going to buy 'em," shrugs one Canadian official; "the locals? And even if they had the money, the bank block of 49 per cent means control." The great expectation that independence would be a panacea for West Indian problems has just about fallen on its face.

Williams dickers with the oil companies and Manley implores Canada's Alcan to process bauxite in Jamaica; militant opponents accuse them both of being "servants of imperialism." And even as the miracle of independence is fast fading, new problems loom for the unhappy islands in the sun. Britain's entry into the Common Market promises desperate times for the sugar and banana exports that employ thousands but can't compete with mechanized production in South Africa and Australia or the beet production of Europe. "What are we going to get from London?" muses Barbados Prime Minister Errol Barrow. "Well, up to now, they're just making polite noises."

From Bridgetown, Kingston or Port-of-Spain, it's easy to see the world crystallizing into huge trading blocs, aided and abetted by President Richard Nixon's global design. Which way should the Caribbean go? North, south or east —perhaps into some associate membership of the European market? Nobody seems to have an opinion and it is unlikely that they would agree if they did. Intellectuals argue that it's time to turn to Latin America, but the British parliamentary tradition has inculcated a grave suspicion of things Latin. There's a lingering Commonwealth association with Canada, but nobody really expects to revive the old idea of some kind of Common Market with the Canadians. Then there's the United States, hated and admired, but generally unwelcome as any kind of patron for the Caribbean. "Here's our history in Trinidad," sighed one young intellectual: "black slavery; indentured Indian labor; British, Spanish and French rule; Chinese, Syrian and European immigration. You wonder we're in a mess?"

At present, the West Indian nations, whose earlier attempt at federation failed, are desperately drawing together under the loose banner of CARIFTA—Caribbean Free Trade Area—seeking some protection by mustering their limited economic strength. But few are sanguine that a cohesive Caribbean will take its place in the world. "I'd say the conditions and problems facing us are too diverse for any great optimism," says Barrow of Barbados.

And just as trade troubles darken the horizon, the great safety valve of emigration is being screwed tight in London and Ottawa, where governments are beset by unemployment problems of their own. Thousands of unemployed West Indians fled to such low-pay jobs as running London Transport and British Rail, but Britain's new immigration laws have reduced the flood to a trickle. Canada, too, is demanding higher job skills from potential immigrants and turning back any who can't find an open spot in the Canadian work force. That produces a brain drain of serious proportions and a piling up back home of the low-skilled and unemployable.

But all over the Caribbean the palms still sway and the beautiful blue-green waters still roll gently up onto silver sand beaches. Those are the priceless ingredients of tourism. For Jamaica, Barbados, the smaller Caribbean islands, and the Bahamas and Bermuda to the north, it's nothing less than salvation. "Lunch at a shady oasis on the beach," reads one Jamaican promotion advertisement widely circulated in the United States; "lobster, chicken, fried plantain, banana, rum punch. Don't even try counting the calories."

It's expensive, luxurious tourism, not the day-tripper variety. On the Port Antonio coast in Jamaica, a week at Frenchman's Cove can cost upward of $1,000, including maid, butler, limousine, golf, food and liquor. At Montego Bay, Ocho Rios and Jamaica Reef the going rate for relaxing under a breadfruit tree is $100 a day, with the wild, mysterious mountains for a backdrop. Small wonder, then, that a growing resentment seethes among the many young Jamaicans who work in the tourist industry. At food stores in Kingston last January there were serious shortages of rice, flour, condensed milk and even sugar. Cooking oil was rationed to one bottle a

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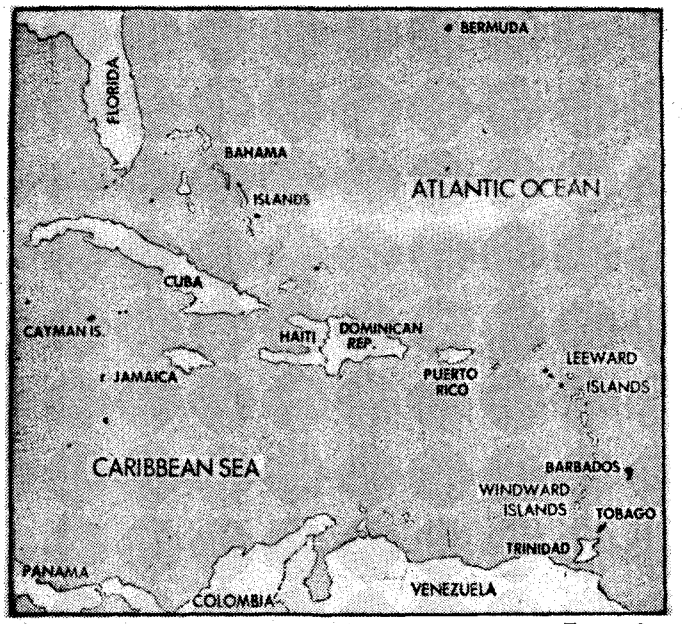

Toronto Star

customer in many stores. It's a disparity on the order of that between Palm Springs and Harlem, but it is widespread, affecting most of the population.

Jamaica, with a trade deficit of around $40 million, spends $60 million a year on food imports alone. Just before Christmas, foreign reserves were down to $90 million, and Manley was forced to impose a ban on a list of consumer imports—foodstuffs, appliances, cars. The result has been a reaction among Jamaicans that, according to the tourist minister, P. J. Patterson, last year pushed the tourist industry "to the brink of collapse." Many visitors, expecting snappy, American service, become furious when they don't get it—even at inflated prices. Things got so bad at the big Holiday Inn in Montego Bay last year that the government closed the place down while the Memphis, Tenn. ownership cleaned house with a big management shuffle.

All over the Caribbean, if to varying degrees, local reaction to the affluence of white visitors is a problem. In Jamaica and the Bahamas, it borders on outright hostility. At the mildest, in Barbados, it leads only to a pressing local demand for the North American life style. "People see North Americans and get to know how they live, and they have relatives in New York or Toronto and pretty soon they want the same way of life," said a young newspaper editor in Bridgetown. "It's a problem for us to keep pace with people's economic expectations." The problem is everywhere—in the hip-hugger jeans the youngsters want from the north, the transistor radios, the stereos, TVs and appliances. In Trinidad and Jamaica the demand for cars alone has seriously affected the national economies and forced both governments to take measures that include purchase tax rates of up to 65 per cent and a total ban on some expensive models. "It's the heritage of slavery that a car becomes the status symbol," explains Trinidad M.P. Horace Charles.

Prime Minister Williams says: "We come up against the pervasiveness of the North American economic patterns and life styles, against which even a country as powerful as Japan finds it difficult to struggle. How much can we do to resist this economic competition and cultural domination? The national psychology, trained to reject local products because they are local, and genuflect at the foreign shrine, does little to help."

It doesn't take much economic know-how to question the benefits of tourism in the Caribbean. If the hotels did not act as a sponge for local labor, one suspects they would be a very doubtful proposition, since the profits flow out of the country and most of the raw material involved—down to the filet mignon—is brought in. (Although in Jamaica, this may be somewhat remedied, now that former Treasury Secretary John Connally and a consortium of business partners have decided to extend their Texas ranching interests to the Jamaican hill country.)

And when tourism is as important to a national economy as it is in the Caribbean, a nation can find itself on the shifting sands of one of the most fickle of economic props. The bloody murders in the Virgin Islands, the riots in Trinidad and most recently the assassination of the Governor of Bermuda and his aide, are the types of incident that can undo the work of an expensive advertising campaign in the flash of a terrorist bullet.

In Bermuda, where reliance on tourism is almost total, concern for the islands' economic future came almost simultaneously with the shock of Sir Richard Sharples' murder. Although there have been suggestions, there's no evidence to date that the Virgin Islands country-club killings and the Bermuda incident were in any way connected with organized terrorist groups. A threat on Barrow's life last year was put down as the work of a "nut." Castro's revolutionary ideas have made little if any impact on his closest neighbors, and incidents such as the Trinidad riots are thought to owe their technique more to black American militants than to Cuban revolutionaries.

Nevertheless, the discontent and the painfully slow progress in raising living standards make foreign diplomats nervous. "When you look around down here," remarked one Canadian, "you just wonder how they're ever going to find the answers to some of these problems—if there are any answers. You know all it needs is a spark or a really charismatic rabble-rouser and this whole place would go up like a volcano." He was talking about Jamaica, but Trinidad faces the same situation and such expatriate militants as Stokely Carmichael are banned from their homeland. Britain's equivalent of the Black Muslims, Michael Abdul Malik, also known as Michael X, did return to Trinidad, but shortly thereafter he was convicted of murdering a British socialite girl who had joined his cause—a conviction that exercised nobody in Trinidad, although William Kunstler visited Port-of-Spain to allege that the cause was political.

Unquestionably, much of the political discontent in the Caribbean stems directly from unemployment and empty bellies. Many Bermudians—still residents of a British Crown Colony—look south at the Caribbean and wonder if it's worth the trouble to haul down the Union Jack and go the independence route. Despite popular press accounts, the recent killings in Bermuda were far from being the result of any militant campaign for independence among Bermuda's blacks. The native population on the tiny islands is the best-off in the entire area, and Sir Edward Richards, the shrewd old leader of the

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United Bermuda Party, which controls the government and most local affairs, remains unconvinced about the benefits of independence. "It's a very good thing in many ways, but whether our economic independence, our prosperity, can be maintained under this independence is another matter. It's a gamble. You've got to be dead certain that it won't interfere with the economic working of the country."

Richards looks south to the Bahamas where political independence will become a reality in July, and where patriotic enthusiasm is tempered by concern over declining tourism and the reported departure of huge amounts of tax-haven investment.

"We don't want to bite off more than we can chew," he says. "Independence is attractive emotionally, but economically it's very different. . . . There's a lot of prestige to being in the United Nations, but we prefer to have a large, powerful voice representing us in the U.N., rather than being a little pip-squeak nation that nobody pays any attention to."

To suggest that independence is the root of troubles in the Caribbean is of course far off base. But to suggest that it hasn't filled bellies as quickly as everyone expected is obvious. The political control won from Britain has rather quickly proved to be only half the battle—and the easier half at that. None of the new Caribbean states exercises the prerogatives of government assumed by the larger Western democracies. They are all dependent on imports for the very staples of life, and most walk quietly, not to offend the big investors—tourists and multinationals alike—who control so much of their economic destiny.

Nobody faces the problem more directly than Lynden Pindling, who this year will lead the Bahamas into independence from Britain while his country continues to rely almost totally on United States and Canadian tourists and investors for its livelihood. Pindling got tough about work permits for foreigners—a flourish of sovereignty that caused recluse billionaire Howard Hughes to throw a tantrum and set up shop in Nicaragua, where it took an earthquake rather than any back talk from dictator Anastasio Somoza to dislodge him from his hideaway. The demand that Hughes and his entourage not come and go as though the Bahamas were their fiefdom, was surely a small assertion of independence.

But how much else dare Pindling decree, when fickle investment funds are already reported to be drifting off to another tax-exempt island, Grand Cayman, south of Cuba? Three years ago he traced lack of investor confidence to race relations. "The question is," he said, "can investors invest in a team where all the first-string players are black and the quarterback is black? Can we trust a black man with our money?" (The football analogy no doubt comes from Pindling's penchant for flying the 80 miles to Florida to watch the Miami Dolphins.) Today he answers his own query with frequent assurances that there will be absolutely no change in the Bahamas' tax-free status: "Tourism and banking will be our mainstays for quite a while—we're not going to sabotage it for anything else that may come along."

Nattily dressed Pindling, an urbane, British-trained lawyer, rarely sees his name in a U.S. publication without the prefix "black nationalist." But he hasn't nationalized a hotel or a bank—and doesn't plan to. Meanwhile, Bahamians are busy writing a national anthem, designing a flag and wondering who will get the job of ambassador to the United Nations—just as they were doing in Trinidid, Barbados and Jamaica a few years ago. In July, Pindling's nation will join the British Commonwealth as it teeters toward dissolution—at least as a viable trading group. But the Bahamas isn't a trading nation anyway—its trade is strictly in tourists and currency, both heavily American.

The close ties with the United States hold no fears for Bahamians, none of the fear of U.S. imperialism that colors so much political feeling further south. Trinidad, Jamaica and Barbados are all desperately urging Canada to join the Organization of American States, in order to give them some big-brother support against the U.S.-dominated collection of Latin American states that comprise the membership. Much of their long-range political thinking is also influenced by speculation about the reemergence of Cuba from its American-initiated isolation in the Caribbean, especially when Henry Kissinger visits Mexico and rumors of rapprochement between Washington and Castro are going the rounds. Hedging their bets somewhat, all three last year decided to move toward full diplomatic recognition of Cuba—a decision which legalistically at least contravened their membership in OAS.

When reminded of this in a rather bland statement by State Department spokesman Charles Bray—he noted American "displeasure"—Barrow of Barbados lost no time weighing in with a scathing denunciation of almost everything American. It was a rare burst of anger from Barrow, a big, gentle man of urbane and conservative habit, who has the good sense and good fortune to run perhaps the most effective government in the Caribbean, while at the same time facing fewer problems than do most of his neighbors.

"Some official in the State Department makes silly and unfortunate statements because the Americans have some kind of neurosis," Barrow stormed. "Who do they think they are talking to—some banana republic?" Barrow rose in the House of Assembly to denounce "the rapacious and arrogant way in which the U.S. State Department has tended to deal with a country like ours. . . . I do not want anybody who is resident here, who is a native-born Barbadian, or a visitor to Barbados, to feel that Barbados is in some way dependent on the United States for anything. They offered us $7 million for housing—we told them to keep it, in very polite terms. The only thing the United States could export to Barbados is bad manners and racial discrimination and we do not want either of these."

Barrow is indignant at American refusal to accept imports from the tiny, fledging textile industry he has established on the island—it's a shirt-making factory. And he's disgusted at offers of "so-called American aid. From our experience loans from the United States have never satisfied us that they are for the benefit of our country. They're mainly for the aid of the American architects and they insist on purchases of American hardware at greatly inflated prices." Barrow is no Third World loud-mouth,

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accustomed to haranguing the U.N. about the iniquities of American imperialism and militarism. His common-sense distaste at the Vietnamese War was always expressed sorrowfully and privately. Yet he, like others in the Caribbean, has a deep-seated distrust of dealings with the United States—whether they be in trade or aid. "I'm not anti-American," he says. "I married one and I have two children who probably are American, or could be—but I'm not interested in their doctrine of limited sovereignty."

He cites Pan American Airlines as "typical of the arrogance of U.S. big business." Two years ago the airline apparently decided to add an extra Baltimore-Bridgetown flight to their lucrative winter schedule to the sun. They advertised and sold the flight, but didn't bother to check with Barrow for permission. The Prime Minister, a former navigator in the Royal Air Force and an airline buff, refused landing permission.

Barrow likes to tell a story about visiting Washington and telling President Lyndon Johnson that Barbados had decided to join the OAS. Dean Rusk, who was then Secretary of State, promptly offered to pay the Barbadian membership dues.

"Well," says Barrow, "I said nothing. And later he said it again, as though I hadn't heard the first time. And I told him, 'Mr. Secretary, we have a saying in Barbados . . . if you can't afford the membership you don't belong in the club.' We prefer to pay our own way."

Reviewing Trinidad's first decade of independence last year, Williams wrote: "The fundamental problem that we have encountered in the first decade of our independence . . . jeopardizing and even frustrating our progress, has been one over which we necessarily have little control. That is the problem of a small country in a big world which is generally hostile, facing not only big countries but big companies—not infrequently big companies supported by the governments of their big countries."

It's the problem of developing countries everywhere, and nothing seems likely to make it any less true in the Caribbean's second decade of sovereignty. □

EAST-WEST TRADE

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE

HAROLD J. BERMAN

For a quarter of a century we were told by persons in high places that the Russians had nothing to sell us, had no money to buy anything from us, and wanted our advanced technology—on credit—only to "bury" us. Accordingly, it was politically and morally wrong to do business with Communists.

Now, suddenly, people in the same high places are showing us lists of potential Soviet exports, including not only natural gas, manganese, chrome and other raw materials but a variety of sophisticated manufactured goods, and even some licenses for Soviet advanced technology. We are also told that the USSR is prepared to buy from us, in the not distant future, billions of dollars worth of plant and equipment, of which substantial quantities will be for the manufacture of consumer goods (including Pepsi-Cola!). And so far from being politically and morally wrong, it is now said to be meet, right and our bounden duty to trade with Communists. An international vice president of an American bank today considers that he has not "arrived" until he has made a loan to the Russians! And it is not only good business—it is also part of the "linkage" of peace.

Some of us who for twenty-five years have been arguing against U.S. restrictions on trade with Communist countries are now beginning to wonder whether the old nonsense is not being replaced by new nonsense. Is it not possible for us to behave in a normal way just because that is the normal way to behave? Must trade with Communist countries be either demonic or angelic—can it not be just useful for both sides? And must it be either minuscule or gigantic—can it not be just of an ordinary, human size?

Some personal reminiscences may illustrate the absurdities of our attitudes toward so-called East-West trade in the past. In 1952 Stalin called an International Economic Conference in Moscow. Businessmen, economists and others from all over the world attended. But Secretary of State Acheson said that anyone who attended the conference "will be a victim of Soviet propaganda." When my name got into the papers as someone who might be going, I received calls from prominent colleagues on the Harvard faculty urging me to reconsider. It seemed that the academic community, after consulting the State Department, had decided to boycott the conference. I could not afford to pay travel expenses out of my own pocket and in those days there were few if any organizations that financed trips to Moscow, so I stayed home.

Two years later, I asked the president of a large American company if he would write to Deputy Minister Anastas Mikoyan, whom he had known during the war, for help in obtaining a visa, so that I could talk with Soviet foreign trade officials about problems of trade between our two countries. The industrialist replied: "If I should send such a message, and word should get out that we are interested in exploring problems of trade with

Harold J. Berman is a professor of law at the Harvard Law School, where he teaches courses in the comparison of Soviet and American law and in the law of international trade. He is the author of Justice in the U.S.S.R.: An Interpretation of Soviet Law *and* Soviet Criminal Law and Procedure: The RSFSR Codes *(both Harvard University Press) and, with William R. Greiner,* The Nature and Functions of Law *(Foundation Press).*

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Russia, I would have 10,000 stockholders' letters." He did not mean letters of approval! Today, that company is in the forefront of corporations that are negotiating large-scale transactions with the Soviets.

In February 1955, Khrushchev came to power, and by sending him a wire I got a Soviet visa. I went to American exporters to ask if they would authorize me to make inquiries in their behalf. The standard reply was: "I would be glad to be the *second* to trade with the Russians." But some American businessmen were interested, and I took their inquiries to Moscow. Soviet trade officials with whom I talked expressed eagerness to begin trading with the United States, and listed products which they were prepared to buy and to sell. I thought it added up to a fairly substantial beginning. However, the State Department view at that time, as stated to me be our Ambassador in Moscow, was completely negative. "Even under the most favorable political circumstances," he said, "the United States would never have more than a very small amount of trade with the Soviet Union—perhaps $100 million a year. We are too different from each other economically—we are not natural trading partners."

The phrase "natural trading partners" was used often in the 1950s and 1960s as trade between the Soviet Union and Western European countries rapidly increased. The Western European countries, in contrast to the United States, were said to be "natural trading partners" of the Soviets. However, in August 1972 Secretary of Commerce Peterson, in forecasting greatly expanded U.S.-USSR trade, stated: "In an economic sense, the United States and the Soviet Union are by their very diversity natural trading partners."

As recently as January 1972, at a meeting on trade between Soviet and American officials in Washington, at which I was one of two nongovernmental participants, a Commerce Department representative passed me a note, saying that one of the State Department people present had expressed to him the view that a trade agreement (such as I had been proposing since 1954, and which the Commerce Department was now for the first time considering) "is *not* necessary to get trade going effectively and in any case there is *no* disposition by the Administration at this time to negotiate a trade agreement." That was four months before President Nixon's trip to Moscow, during which he and Secretary-General Brezhnev agreed that the two countries should enter into a trade agreement.

From 1947 to 1972 our trade policies toward the Soviet Union and other Communist countries (except Yugoslavia) were based on economic and political illusions, and also legal illusions such as the one just mentioned: the belief that we could establish satisfactory trade relations with the Soviet Union without an intergovernmental trade agreement. Our trade policy toward China—an almost total ban on all transactions—was based on a moral illusion as well. Indeed, that was the language of the State Department. At a time when our entire system of foreign relations was based on the myth of the "Sino-Soviet bloc," the China "differential" in our export controls, as compared with those of our allies and with those which we imposed on the Soviet Union, was based on "moral" considerations. One is reminded of the traditional Oriental mode of taking revenge on one's worst enemy by committing suicide on his doorstep.

Vocation

That Harold J. Berman has long been concerned with the problems and opportunities of East-West trade may be seen in the following list of articles which he has contributed to *The Nation*:

Dilemma of Soviet Trade; October 24, 1959.

New Approach to Russia: The Problems that Unite Us; February 18, 1961.

The Road to Trade (with John R. Carson); May 15, 1967.

And there were further absurdities. For example, a 1951 statute prohibits the importation into the United States of ermine, fox, kolinsky, marten, mink, muskrat and weasel furs and skins—seven kinds, no more, no less—from the USSR or Communist China. An American can buy his wife Russian sable but not Russian fox or mink. This is pure special-interest legislation, enacted during the Korean War. It is still the law.

Another example: manganese is an important strategic commodity which we import from various countries, but not the Soviet Union—although the Soviets would be glad to sell us some—because the U.S. customs duty on Soviet manganese is four times higher than on manganese imported from other countries. We would *like* to import some Soviet manganese; indeed, there is a suspicion that some of it is mixed in with manganese which we import from other countries. But Congress has insisted on keeping all customs duties on imports from Communist countries (except Poland and Yugoslavia) at the often prohibitive 1930 ("Smoot-Hawley") rates. (This is the "most-favored-nation" problem—of which more later.)

A third example: in 1963 President Kennedy agreed to permit the sale of some wheat to the Soviet Union, but to pacify the longshoremen he required that all subsequent shipments be made in (more expensive) U.S. vessels. No such requirement was imposed on wheat exports to any other country. There were no subsequent shipments of American wheat to the Soviet Union—until 1972, when the shipping requirement was relaxed.

Still another example: in 1967 an American company entered into a contract to export a computer to a Czechoslovak foreign trade organization. The contract was subject to the granting of an export license, which was eventually refused. That was not unusual, since under our system of export controls sales of even less sophisticated computers to Communist countries have often been blocked. In this case—and this, too, was rather typical—the Czechoslovak foreign trade organization purchased a very similar computer from the French manufacturer, Machines Bull. The absurdity of it is that Machines Bull is substantially owned by General Electric, the would-be American exporter's chief American competitor.

A last example: for purposes of U.S. export controls, the world is divided into country groups, of which the lowest is the group North Vietnam, North Korea and, until a year or so ago, China. The next lowest is Cuba. With those two groups an American can do almost no business at all. Then comes East Germany—followed by

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the Soviet Union and several Eastern European countries. China has now been put in the same category as Russia. Then come Romania and Poland, at the top of the Communist pile. (For export control purposes Yugoslavia is not considered Communist at all; it is classified with Western Europe.)

All of this would have made some sense at one time, if one assumed it possible (which it never was) that by relaxing export controls we could "wean" various Eastern European countries from "domination"—as our legislation then phrased it—"by a foreign government or organization controlling the world Communist movement." But whatever sense there might ever have been in the system of Communist "country groups," it is hard to understand why today special permission—a "validated license"—is still required to export to East Germany (though not to Bulgaria, for example) wigs, false beards, breakfast foods, sleeping bags and hundreds of other items carefully listed in Department of Commerce regulations.

I have mentioned our import restrictions (tariff discrimination, prohibitions, embargo) and our system of export controls. A related matter is the control of exports of technical data of U. S. origin by foreign subsidiaries of U. S. companies; this becomes especially complicated when the foreign country in which the subsidiary is located would permit the export but the United States will not.

Another related matter concerns the controls on the extension of private credits to the Soviet Union. The Johnson Debt Default Act of 1934 makes it a crime for a private person or corporation to lend money to an agency of a government that is in default on its debts to the United States. Designed for a wholly different purpose, the Johnson Act has been applied since the end of World War II to prevent the granting of private credits, other than commercial credits, to the Soviet Union. At first, commercial credits were defined by the Attorney General as credits granted in connection with commercial transactions repayable within six months. Later definitions have extended the time period, though not far enough to meet all commercial needs. Until the problem of the Soviet debt under wartime lend-lease arrangements is settled, the Johnson Act will continue to loom as a specter in the background of Soviet-American trade.

Another type of American restriction on Soviet trade has been the prohibition against the entry of Soviet ships into U.S. ports. This ban, introduced by executive action after World War II, was repealed in 1972 by executive action. The President has now agreed to open forty ports to Soviet vessels and the Soviets have agreed to open forty ports to American vessels.

Despite this massive and complex structure of U.S. controls, it would be a mistake to suppose that all obstacles to trade with the Communist countries are made in Washington. The Communist countries, too, have suffered from illusions. They have geared their foreign trade primarily to one another; only about one-third of their trade is with non-Communist countries. (China in recent years is an exception; 80 per cent of its trade in 1972 went to non-Communist countries. But China's trade is relatively small.)

For Communist countries, the chief obstacle to expanded trade with the United States is their very system of foreign trade, whereby virtually all sales and purchases are conducted by a relatively few foreign trade organizations operating on the basis of integrated national economic planning. (Again, Yugoslavia is an exception.) The foreign trade organizations procure goods for export from domestic producer enterprises and sell goods imported to domestic consumer enterprises. With not only foreign trade but almost the entire economy (at least outside the agricultural sector) planned and administered by state officials, the market of a Communist country tends to be much less accessible to foreign business firms than are the markets of non-Communist countries. Also Communist countries—and again, this is connected with the nature of a planned economy as well as with political factors—prefer to conduct foreign trade on the basis of bilateral intergovernmental trade agreements under which a program of exchanges can be projected over a period of time.

Thus a Western businessman—or, for that matter, a Western government—finds it extremely difficult to make informed estimates of market potentialities in Communist countries, if only because the contents of their foreign trade plans are not publicly available. Moreover, Western firms have limited opportunities to set up branches or offices in the Communist countries; even when the ministry of foreign trade grants the required special permission, there remains the serious practical difficulty of using the branch or office to communicate with the state enterprises which are the ultimate producers or consumers of exported or imported products.

Each Communist country, taken as a whole, is a gigantic enterprise—"Soviet Industries, Inc." "Polish Industries, Inc." "China Industries, Inc."—and each has the same kind of interest in nondisclosure of its internal resources and methods of operation as does General Motors or General Electric or IBM.

One should not exaggerate the difficulties of moving about within the Communist system, of meeting the end-users of imported products, and of acquiring necessary economic information; the tendency during the past decade has been toward wider and freer contacts. Less so in the Soviet Union and Bulgaria, more so in Poland, Czechoslovakia and the German Democratic Republic, and most so in Romania and Hungary, the right to conduct foreign trade has been extended to organizations of producers or to individual enterprises licensed to conclude specific deals, and possibilities have been opened up for cooperative undertakings involving joint production and joint marketing by Western business firms and Communist state agencies. Sales of technology have brought Western scientists, engineers, managers, lawyers and others into fairly close relationships with their Soviet and Eastern European counterparts. Striking examples in the Soviet Union are the $800 million Fiat establishment at Togliattigrad, the $350 million project for gas pipelines undertaken by West German and other firms, and the enormous long-term development of Siberian timber resources by the Japanese. The time has long since passed when one could speak of an "iron curtain."

Nevertheless, the limited opportunities for foreigners

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to create anything like a "presence" in a Communist country, the Communist preference for arm's-length exports and imports rather than investment, and the relative unavailability of detailed economic information remain substantial obstacles to the formation of intimate trading relationships such as exist within the Western business world.

Added to the problems of accessibility are the problems of discrimination. By law, each Communist country trades with all other countries on the basis of equality. None of them has erected special tariff barriers or other legal restrictions on trade with any particular country or group of countries, or with respect to any particular commodities, except very rarely by way of retaliation. On the other hand, a discriminatory effect can easily be achieved, without any law, merely by informal administrative orders not to export or import to or from a particular country or, more simply, by merely omitting trade with that country (or trade in a particular commodity) from the foreign trade plan and the supplementary planning acts. A ministry of foreign trade is entirely free to direct trade to those countries, and even to those particular firms, which it chooses, and its choice may be made on the basis of political as well as commercial considerations.

To say that the government of a Communist country exercises full discretion to determine the foreign countries and foreign enterprises with which it will deal is only to say that it does what all governments do when they engage directly in foreign trade. Not only in the planned economies of the Communist world but also in the mixed economies of the non-Communist world, state trading is a familiar phenomenon, and it poses problems for private firms seeking to establish trade relations on a foundation of commercial considerations alone. But those problems are especially acute in trade with Communist countries, as is evident from the fact that their trade with one another constitutes a far higher percentage of their total trade than can be justified on purely economic grounds.

Yet the chief practical obstacle which the Communist system of foreign trade presents to American business is neither political nor economic, at least in the narrower sense of those terms. That is, none of the Communist countries has political objections to trading with American firms and all of them have good economic reasons for expanding such trade. The immediate problem is legal and institutional: getting into the plan. Trade with the United States has been so small for so many years that it is not a substantial part of the national economic plan, or foreign trade plan, of any of them. Trade with West Germany, England, Japan, France, Italy, Finland, etc., on the other hand, *is* part of the plan in almost every Communist country. That is one reason why, in the past ten years, a relatively few West European subsidiaries of American firms have exported three, four or possibly five times more to the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe than have all the American firms in the United States itself.

The best way to get into the plan is through a bilateral trade agreement in which the two governments not only express their wish to conduct trade on the basis of nondiscrimination and reciprocity but also establish programs of exports and imports of particular goods in particular quantities over particular periods of time. This type of programmed trade agreement both links foreign trade with political objectives and has for the Communist countries the great advantage of enabling their economic administrators to use the goods listed in the agreement as a basis for planning domestic production and consumption. In fact, a large percentage of trade between Communist and non-Communist countries, and virtually all the trade among the Communist countries themselves, is carried out on the basis of such bilateral intergovernmental agreements.

Khrushchev proposed that kind of detailed trade agreement to President Eisenhower in 1958. Eisenhower replied: "As you know, United States export and import trade is carried on by individual firms and not under governmental auspices. There is no need, therefore, to formalize relations between United States firms and Soviet trade organizations. Soviet trade organizations are free right now . . . to develop a larger volume of trade with firms in this country." A year later the Soviet Government negotiated a five-year trade agreement with Great Britain involving a list of products very similar to that which Khrushchev had proposed to Eisenhower. In 1964, Kosygin renewed the offer of a trade agreement to President Johnson, again without success.

There is nothing sinister about such programmed trade agreements, if they are properly negotiated and implemented. The Western government agrees only that it will issue export licenses to its private exporters, upon their application, for the listed quantities of the listed goods. No governmental commitment is made that sales will actually be made, and no system of import licensing is required on the Western side. The agreed-upon contingents of exports and imports are merely targets. Yet through the governmental negotiation of these targets it is possible to exert pressure for expanding trade in particular directions.

Prior to October 1972, the U.S. Government had never signed such a programmed trade agreement with any country; and the U.S.-USSR trade agreement signed at that time—which can take effect only when Congress repeals existing U. S. tariff discrimination against Soviet imports—does not, at first glance, appear to be concerned with the exchange of particular products in particular quantities over a particular period of time. However, a closer look at the agreement shows that the two governments were interested not only in setting ground rules for trade between American business firms and Soviet foreign trade organizations but also in the nature and volume of the exchanges.

The ground rules occupy most of the text of the agreement. Article 1 provides that each side will accord most-favored-nation treatment to the other, with respect to customs duties, export and import rules and formalities, internal taxes, and some similar matters.

Article 3 provides that neither side will disrupt the markets of the other, and an annex establishes a procedure whereby the Soviet Government will discontinue

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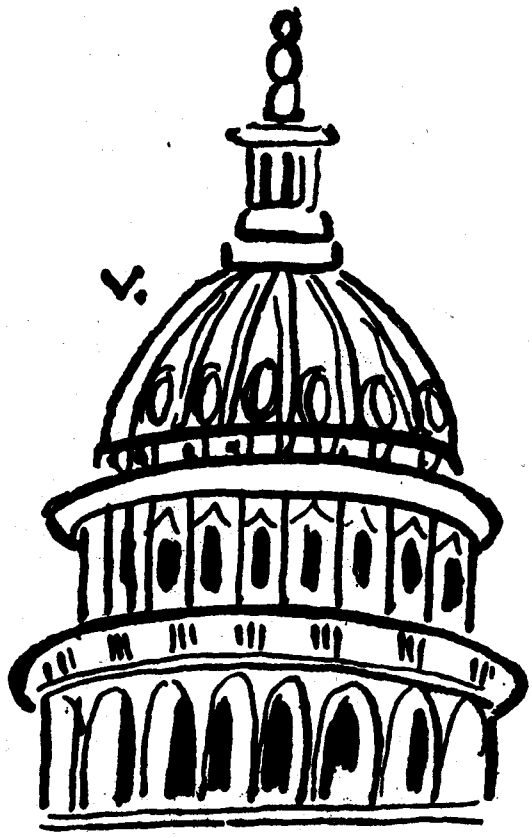

forthwith the shipment of any goods to the United States upon receipt of a notice from the President that such shipments are causing market disruption. (This is an extraordinary provision, undoubtedly intended to reassure protectionists in Congress, first, that the Soviet Union does not desire to disrupt American markets by dumping or other means and, second, that if the Soviet Union should ever have such a desire, the President can immediately thwart it.)

Article 4 provides that all currency payments shall be made in freely convertible currencies. (This would seem designed to protect smaller American business firms from Soviet pressure to accept softer non-Western currencies. It should be noted, however, that the Soviets never pay for imports in rubles, which is a purely internal currency, and that the agreement does not exclude barter transactions.)

Article 5 provides for the simultaneous establishment of a United States Commercial Office in Moscow and of a Soviet Trade Representation in Washington. Neither of these is to carry on trade; both are to facilitate trading between American business firms and Soviet foreign trade organizations.

Article 6 provides that American business firms may open representations in the Soviet Union and Soviet foreign trade organizations may open representations in the United States, but Soviet foreign trade organizations and their representations are not to have governmental immunity—they are subject to sue and be sued on their contracts and their property may be seized to pay their debts.

Article 7 provides that both governments "encourage" parties to trade transactions to agree to arbitrate any disputes in a third country. This clause was insisted upon by the Americans in order to protect smaller American business firms against pressure to accept arbitration in Moscow under the rules of the Foreign Trade Arbitration Commission of the Soviet Chamber of Commerce and Industry. However, an additional provision in Article 7 states that the parties to a trade transaction "may decide upon any other form of arbitration which they mutually prefer and agree best suits their particular needs." In other words, they may agree to arbitrate in Moscow—or New York—if they so wish.

Article 8 provides a broad escape clause: "The provisions of this Agreement shall not limit the right of either Government to take any action for the protection of its security interests."

Article 9 states that the agreement shall come into effect when each side notifies the other of its acceptance, and that it shall remain in force for three years. It also provides that implementation of the agreement shall be overseen and facilitated by a Joint U.S.-USSR Commercial Commission established in Moscow in May 1972—of which more below.

I have yet to mention Article 2, which from the point of view of actual trade expansion is the heart of the agreement. It states that the two governments envision that during the three-year period of the agreement total bilateral trade will triple, as compared with the period 1969-71. It also states that the Soviet Government expects that its foreign trade organizations will place substantial orders in the United States for machinery, plant and equipment, agricultural products, industrial products and consumer goods. Further, Article 2 provides that both governments "will examine various fields in which the expansion of commercial and industrial cooperation is desirable . . . and, on the basis of such examination, will promote cooperation between interested organizations and enterprises of the two countries with a view toward the realization of projects for the development of natural resources and projects in the manufacturing industries."

Behind this language stands the Joint U.S.-USSR Commercial Commission, formed in May 1972 to negotiate the agreement and thereafter to "monitor the spectrum of U.S.-USSR commercial and economic relations." The commission, which meets alternately in Washington and in Moscow, may appoint joint working groups to consider specific matters. In October 1972 it created a joint working group to review and facilitate consideration of Soviet gas projects.

The American section of the joint commission operates within a new branch of the Department of Commerce called the Bureau of East-West trade. The promotional activities of the bureau with respect to American trade with the Communist countries—to quote a recent remark by its director—"sometimes come very close to planning." Surely, the Bureau of East-West Trade is considering what kinds of products and technology the United States should be seeking to export to and import from the Soviet Union, and surely those considerations are transmitted to the Joint U.S.-USSR Commercial Commission and are discussed in the light of similar Soviet considerations.

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The U.S.-USSR trade agreement is not a "contingented" agreement of the kind discussed earlier in this article. There is no specific list of product or plants. In fact, Soviet trade agreements with Western countries during the past six or seven years have become much less specific, speaking more in terms of percentages of increases in exchanges of various kinds, of cooperative ventures in various branches of industry, and the like. But behind these agreements stand various joint commissions and agencies, as well as business organizations, which carry on the concrete discussions and negotiations.

Similarly, the very general language of Article 2 of the U.S.-USSR trade agreement—with respect to "substantial orders . . . for machinery, plant and equipment, agricultural products, industrial products, and consumer goods," and with respect to "projects for the development of natural resources and projects in the manufacturing industries"—undoubtedly reflects elaborate and detailed discussion within the joint commission of quantities and percentages of increase of trade and of cooperative ventures in specific areas. And presumably Soviet foreign trade organizations and American business firms are consulted in these matters and consult one another.

What all this means is that the United States has finally recognized that effective trade relations with Communist countries require not only active cooperation between our respective governments but also active cooperation, on our side, between government and business.

President Nixon, with the advice of Henry Kissinger, took the view from the start of his first Administration that he opposed unilateral actions on the part of the United States to expand trade with Communist countries. He was against relaxing export controls, and the Export Administration Act of 1969, discussed earlier in this article, was opposed by the White House. As later became clear, the President's plan was to link trade with all the other problems that divided us from China and Russia, and to try to solve them all at once. The success of this policy of "linkage" has reinforced the widespread view—held by every administration since Harry Truman's—that foreign trade, or at least foreign trade with Communist countries, is a handmaiden of foreign policy.

Certainly "linkage" proved to be a brilliant formula in relations with China. Here we were confronting a country with which we had had almost no peaceful contact for more than twenty years. It was necessary, therefore, to move very slowly, by gradual steps, toward establishing normal relations across a wide front. Most China experts in this country predicted that during his visit to Peking in February 1971 the President would discuss no trade relations at all, since (they said) the Chinese would not even consider trade relations until the question of Taiwan was settled. In other words, they attributed the same policy of "linkage" to the Chinese. The experts proved wrong: trade was discussed, and discussed seriously. Yet such discussions could take place only at the same time that relatively friendly discussions of all the other major problems that divided the two countries were taking place.

In the case of the Soviet Union, however, contact had never been totally broken. Also we had begun the process of normalization of our relations much earlier—at the Geneva Conference in 1955. Nevertheless, seventeen years later the United States still had on its books, and in practice, a whole set of discriminatory trade restrictions which were largely responsible for the low level of U.S.-Soviet trade.

In contrast to the Chinese, who had always in the past boasted that it was they who refused to trade with us, the Soviets had for more than twenty years been denouncing our trade discriminations against them. And so normalization of U.S.-Soviet trade relations became one of the key parts, and not merely an incidental part, of the détente which, in 1972, both sides wanted. In contrast to China, the Soviet Union would have been glad to negotiate a trade agreement with us separately at any time.

Yet the view of President Nixon and Mr. Kissinger that détente is indivisible, and their refusal to treat commercial relations as a separate matter, may have been correct in 1972 with respect to the Soviet Union as well as to China, because the alternative policy, namely, piecemeal reciprocal commitments in various distinct areas—what Roger Fisher has called the policy of "fractionating conflict"—had not been fully tried with the Soviets for so long that a virtual crisis situation had arisen, especially in American public opinion. For the United States in particular, it was probably necessary to show that establishing normal trade relations with the Soviets was part of a general policy which included settlement of outstanding differences of many kinds. By the same token, however, the Administration made itself vulnerable to a rear-guard action by the Congress based on the same principle of linkage.

Normally, it is intolerable to make nondiscrimination

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in trade hinge on the internal policies of another country. The Soviets argue, with some force, that nondiscriminatory treatment in trade relations—especially in the application of customs duties—has become a principle of international law. They also point out that if nations begin withholding trade on the ground of opposition to the internal policies of other nations, international trade relations will become chaotic. We do not threaten to cut off trade with India on the ground that 90,000 Pakistanis are still being held as prisoners of war. We grant most-favored-nation treatment to Spain, Greece, Brazil, South Africa and other countries which persecute minorities.

Given the circumstances of Soviet-American détente following the President's visit, it is the crowning irony of East-West trade that Congress is now using the threat of continued tariff discrimination to make the Soviet Government relax its emigration policy. I share the outrage at the Soviet policy, but the weapon is wholly inappropriate. The use of it threatens the whole structure of Soviet-American relations, for it in effect denies the possibility of establishing normal commercial contacts as long as certain basic ideological conflicts remain unresolved.

The assertion that the establishment of normal trade relations between two countries can serve their mutual political interests is a paradox that warrants analysis. Let us show that we are not enemies, we say, by doing something that does not require friendship—namely, buying and selling. Let us engage in arm's-length transactions. You buy our wheat and we will buy your natural gas—as a business matter, not as a political matter. Our diplomats will not participate in this exchange; our trading agencies will do it. But just because it is nonpolitical it will be politically useful, for it will show that we are now close enough to each other politically to agree that not everything in our relationship need be political. *Pecunia non olet*—money does not smell. That is why it can be useful politically when politics needs neutral areas of mutual advantage.

The paradox that neutral trade, under neutral principles, can serve to promote political détente will work in the long run only if the trade is in fact kept neutral. Linkage may serve admirably to bring warring parties to the peace table, but once they are there, it must yield to less comprehensive, more discrete, policies. If it does not, the whole chain will be at the mercy of the weakest link. □

SENIOR POWER: AGING IN AMERICA

BARBARA ISENBERG

Old age, it seems, is something the young do not think about, the middle-aged do not like to think about, and the elderly think about all the time. Those of us still under 65 talk of old age as if it were something that happens to others, not to us. But the years pass quickly.

Perhaps the reason Americans choose not to think about aging is that in America today it is a dismal thought. The majority of today's elderly are poor; most feel useless, afraid and lonely. And while much is being done to ameliorate that situation, it is too little and comes too late for those already old. The numbers and problems of old people have outdistanced the country's present capacity to deal with them.

Forty years ago, the elderly were 5 per cent of the population; today they are 10 per cent. In the United States today, 21 million people are 65 or older, and the estimates are for 25 million by 1985 and 29 million by the year 2000. Every day more than 4,000 people turn 65, and every day some 3,000 over 65 die; that leaves a net increase of more than 1,000 new elderly daily.

Half of the older population is 73 or older, and, because of improvements in medical care, that portion of the elderly population is growing even faster than the rest—Social Security is paying benefits to more than 6,500 centenarians.

Barbara Isenberg is a staff reporter for The Wall Street Journal *in Los Angeles and has written extensively on the elderly for that paper.*

The greatest problem for most aged people is money. A substantial number of the elderly have incomes averaging less than $75 a week. Many live on far less, particularly the very old whose life spans have outlasted their resources. While only 10 per cent of the population, the elderly represent 20 per cent of the poor. Sen. Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Special Committee on Aging, found last year that 100,000 more elderly people were living in poverty than had been doing so just two years before.

While many of the elderly have always been poor, others are newly poor, having been booted by society into mandatory retirement without adequate reserves. Productive all their lives, they find in retirement not tranquillity but trauma: how will they survive as inflation eats at fixed incomes and rising property taxes threaten mortgage-free homes, often the only asset they have left?

Only 16 per cent of the elderly are still in the work force, and preliminary data indicate that the percentage is falling in 1973. Even the wealthier aged live for the most part on fixed incomes, and they, too, are penalized by inflation they can neither control nor enjoy. While other age groups have options—they can switch jobs, strike, threaten work stoppage—the retired have no such recourse.

Simone de Beauvoir, in *The Coming of Age*, refers to retirement as "the most loathsome word in the language," and most retired people would agree with her. Even the well-to-do are hard-pressed to find meaning in retirement; Ralph Nader's Retired Professional Action

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Group received 700 applications from retired professionals for its twelve voluntary positions.

In a recent survey on old age, the *Los Angeles Times* found that older women associated it with loneliness, older men associated it with poverty, and youth associated it with death. Each group feared it, yet each feared it only in part. However, old age has all those parts—poverty, loneliness, the prospect of death—plus what is probably the worst part of all: uselessness. A feeling of being shelved by a society which no longer needs you, although you still need that society.

In our work force, the elderly are terminated because of birthdates, not because of inabilities. And they lose not just jobs and money but too often purpose and identity as well. A 65-year-old leaves behind not just a paycheck but camaraderie, routine, meaning and nourishment. The many losses of old age—of jobs, friends, spouses, culminate in the loss of options.

Fortunately, however, the situation is not static. At this time when the nature of the elderly population is changing in size, activity and awareness, society is stretching its institutions to offer more alternatives to the elderly and others. It appears that in the future the aged should know greater choice than did their predecessors.

A new breed of the vocal elderly is egging on the more passive in their age group. As recently as ten years ago, the aged were poorly organized, without political voice, and doing little to help themselves; they waited for an uninterested society to notice them. But since society did not notice and the problems showed no signs of going away, the elderly turned to protest and organization to help themselves.

Perhaps 6 million old people currently belong to senior organizations on either the local or national level —compared to 250,000 a decade ago—and a good many of these groups are more than social clubs. Across the country, the aged are winning battles ranging from discounted bus fares to property tax relief.

"Senior power" has become a political force to be reckoned with. The aged represent some 15 per cent of the electorate, and they vote with great regularity. Few politicians choose to ignore what some pundit once dubbed "the crutch, cane and Cadillac" vote.

Everyone knows of the continual boosts in Social Security. In addition, the elderly have successfully led investigations to close down nursing homes in Illinois, demonstrated and succeeded in halting Medicaid cuts in New York, and organized sit-ins which produced needed traffic lights at intersections in Michigan. They have asked for and received discounted bus fares in more than fifty cities and are now trying to obtain similar discounts on utility bills. Senior citizens have learned that protest is no longer the prerogative of the young.

Meanwhile, the government and other institutions have stepped up both funds and manpower for research on gerontology. Most of this money appears to be focused on understanding the aging process and on stretching out the life span, but it is important that we not only prolong life but enrich it. For many people, 65 years of coping with life feels like 100 years.

Many of the trials of old age can certainly be softened

and some can be eliminated through both a reordering of priorities by society and better planning by the individual. In many cases, such social change would help not only the elderly but other age groups as well.

Senior groups like the National Council of Senior Citizens and the Retired Teachers Association/American Association of Retired Persons, both based in Washington, have long urged reform in property taxes, Social Security and private pensions, and legislation on these issues is continually under study in Congress. Revised legislation on pension plans should soon go before Congress, while federal legislation has also been introduced relating to property tax administration by state and local governments.

The aged who have private pensions often find upon retirement that they receive far fewer benefits than they had counted on. And Social Security payments, despite many increases, are still not enough for those who live on them exclusively. In addition, the restrictions on earned income for those receiving Social Security discourages work which provides emotional as well as material rewards. Old-age assistance in many states is so enmeshed in bureaucratic tangles and often so demeaning that more than half the aged nationally eligible do not even apply.

Property taxes could be restructured in order to benefit not just the elderly but their children as well. Nearly two-thirds of the aged own their own homes, and property taxes have more than doubled in the past ten years. While more than two dozen states, including California, offer seniors some form of property tax relief, such efforts are still only scratching the surface.

Former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare Wilbur Cohen has called the property tax the major discontent of senior citizens, and it is often the elderly who vote to defeat school bond issues. The federal government currently pays a small part of elementary and secondary education costs, and greater federal funding of public education might lead to lower property taxes. Such budget shifting might also result in less variation

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in the quality of education from one school district to another.

Health, too, is an intergenerational problem. A form of national health insurance—extending Medicare-type programs to all age levels—will probably be enacted in the next decade or so, and it will greatly improve on Medicare. While it was one of the greatest victories of the aged, Medicare still pays only part of an old person's medical bills. And not everyone waits to get sick until he's 65. With preventive medicine becoming more and more popular, it seems we might soon accept Wilbur Cohen's recommendation that we start taking care of the aged's health when they're born, not when they're 65.

In the field of housing, options have opened up in recent years in the form of both retirement communities and low-cost subsidized housing, but both concepts are by their natures limited to relatively small populations of the elderly. The government admits that the supply of subsidized housing is still far below the need; nearly one-fifth of the elderly live in substandard housing units, and funding for further subsidized housing was frozen last January.

The aged often pay disproportionate amounts of their income for rent. Too many of them live in central city neighborhoods from which the younger and more affluent have moved on, and where high crime rates are often the price of low rents. In Los Angeles, as elsewhere, urban renewal projects have pushed skid rows into low-rent areas heavily populated by the elderly.

Yet even if the economic and health problems of the elderly were resolved, there would still remain a multitude of social and psychological adjustments. In this area, too, changes are occurring. One is the retirement community. While limited to the more affluent elderly, such communities reverse the situation outside their gates; here, the elderly shove aside the rest of society. At Sun City, Ariz. no one under 50 may buy a house, and no one with school-age children may live there. Some communities, like Rossmoor Corp.'s Leisure World at Laguna Hills, even have high walls and security guards who allow admittance only by passes.

While retirement communities are often depicted as segregated lands where the old go to die, they are in fact what their residents make of them. For many aged, such communities offer safe and secure places in which to enjoy activities and friends in their later years; while for others, they are simply well-manicured way stations to the cemetery.

But the aged who give up life would be equally discontent in Sun City or a central city hotel room. Furthermore, my talks with elderly around the country indicate the unadjusted were generally also unhappy, passive or uninvolved when they were younger. People don't undergo radical personality changes the day they turn 65; most of them were basically the same people at 30, 40 or 50. But problems do compound with the years, and if we can't cope with life when we are young, it will be that much more difficult to cope with it when our options decrease with age.

Here society seems to be moving in the right direction. The involvement of the young in a search for identity encourages everyone to look beyond his role and into himself. All too often, we see ourselves not as people but as doctors, lawyers, mothers or mechanics. And while the discrepancy between identity and role is a problem for any person, regardless of age, it becomes crucial for the elderly.

For the elderly will probably not be doctors, lawyers, mothers or mechanics anymore. Those who were never more than their roles are left with nothing but memories when those roles are taken away by mandatory retirement, the maturity of children or illness.

That is something proponents of both women's liberation and open marriage are also saying. Women's liberation is not really so much pushing women out of their kitchens and into the streets as it is offering the option of life outside the home to women for whom mothering or wifing will end before they do. As Nena and George O'Neill point out in *Open Marriage*, a man plays the husband and father role only part of the time; the rest of the time he plays a job role. But many women have long held only the full-time role of wife and mother, and for many women, this role is not enough for a lifetime.

Indeed, women who are full-time wives find that they, too, must retire, and often earlier than their working counterparts. They find themselves in their 40s or 50s with grown children and no compelling work ahead. If, on the other hand, women are free to seek roles outside the home as well as inside it, the retirement from mothering should require less adjustment.

For people in the work force, experts on aging have long advocated that work be distributed in better fashion throughout the life span so that retirement is not arbitrary but voluntary. Jack Ossofsky, executive director of the National Council on Aging in Washington, argues that while we do need to make space for young people in the work force, there must be a more efficient way to do so than by pushing the elderly out.

Programs run by the National Council on Aging have found that elderly workers can learn new skills well, show less absenteeism, and have fewer accidents. Because they know the ropes, they also show no discernible drop in productivity. Similarly, the United Auto Workers more than a decade ago launched a senior citizen group, with the idea that the union shouldn't discard retirees but rather use their experience and wisdom to guide the young who replace them.

In this respect, too, the future looks promising. Increased leisure time is providing both men and women with opportunity to explore areas of enrichment outside their jobs and homes. At the same time, experimentation with both the length and use of the work week, as well as the work year, offer hope that a better distribution of work and talent may occur in the future.

But the most urgent change required of our society is one of attitude. We must end what Washington, D.C. psychiatrist and specialist on aging Dr. Robert N. Butler calls "ageism"—discrimination because of age—for those who deny the aged ultimately deny themselves. Dr. Butler reminds us, "We don't all grow black or Chinese, but we all do grow old." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Beaglehole and Captain James Cook

ALEXANDER LAING

Three sizable numbers of the *Smith College Studies in History* (October 1927-April 1928) frolic upward so gaily from the flat solemnity preceding and following that a browser might think the author of their sequential contents, "Captain Hobson and the New Zealand Company: A Study in Colonial Administration," was pulling his subject's melancholy leg. Not at all. The documentation to basic manuscript clusters is crisp and unexceptionable. The biographer and historian, a New Zealander in his middle 20s, was merely declaring at the outset his intention to wear the cap of scholarship at a rakish tilt.

His name was John Cawte Beaglehole. Right up to his death on October 10, 1971, he rewarded the much too small company of his devoted admirers by peppering a cleanly lucid prose, just often enough, with speckles of his wit. Beaglehole had no prior traffic with Smith College that might explain his antipodean first considerable appearance in print; but a preface, which concludes with thanks to two scholars "for their violent but salutary criticism," carries earlier a hint that the perceptive broker was Harold J. Laski. During his turbulent days at Harvard, Laski had published in the same journal.

Beaglehole was born on the north shore of Cook Strait on June 13, 1901. His schooling began at Wellington College and proceeded into Victoria University. He got his Ph.D. at the University of London in 1929. Home again, teaching, he was presently reached by the slow, world-wrapping shock wave of our own Black Friday. For the years 1933-36 *Who's Who in New Zealand* quotes him, tersely candid as always, "unemployed and odd jobs." These years of lucky disaster gave him time to confront a huge, central task that would fill his life to its final days: a consideration of the impact upon history, ethnography, linguistics, and other disciplines, of that exemplar among all explorers by sea, James Cook the circumnavigator (1728-79).

Before the depression struck, Beaglehole had finished an example of a rarity: the young man's judicious contribution to scholarship which no one succeeds in supplanting during his lifetime. First published in 1934, his *Exploration of the Pacific* is still, in a recent revised edition, the standard key to its subject. A third of it concentrates upon Cook, yet Beaglehole implied that it was merely a sketch that placed Cook among "the few elect spirits" who have had "the complete equipment of genius, and fortune coincides with their appearance, and the face of the world is changed."

It was also in 1934 that I stumbled into the luck of a Guggenheim Fellowship "for Creative Writing, Abroad," and decided to see if the $1,800 could be parlayed into a circumnavigation of my own, with a focal pause in New Zealand and a hovering dream of atolls beyond. I had in grandiose view an epic poem about the long voyages of the Polynesians, a project that improved in shape as I read Beaglehole's new history. One prefatory warning struck me: it did not, "what any final book on the subject must do, discuss the story from the native standpoint as well as the European." In need of guidance toward the native standpoint, I wanted to look the Wellington author up.

Commencing this venture I had a suitcase in each hand, one for books, the other for everything else. In London I made a lucky discovery—the 1809 issue of Cook's voyages, seven shaggy octavos "printed verbatim from the original editions." I had got many glimpses of the islanders and their vessels by poking around in the seven richly illustrated primary quartos, but they would have been far too bulky to lug around the world. Now, on a zigzag course from Bermondsey to Singapore, I could read Cook straight through, skipping not even the position fixes, frequent as *who begats* in Genesis. Under the ragged little trade-wind clouds a conviction deepened that the circumnavigator should be rescued from himself. The sometimes fancy but generally harsh surface of his prose concealed indeed the precious life blood of a master spirit. The confines of the ancient *S. S. Ranchi* helped me to concentrate in slow discovery of it. But in ordinary circumstances, who would persevere? I did notice, however, a happy shift toward directness in Cook's second voyage.

These recollections point up a problem that had been turning readers away from Cook himself for a long time, before Beaglehole came to the rescue. From luck and ignorance, while simply digging into the journals for direct testimony about the Polynesians as they were first seen with the eyes of Europe, I had taken a hard but deepening way toward comprehension of a man who was both great and greatly baffling. My ignorance at the time included the assumption that it had always been the first function of respectable editors to establish the text, as they had done in the Renaissance and were doing in my own time. The "verbatim" reissue I was using gave no clear warning that amiable Dr. John Hawkesworth had greatly "improved" his author's first voyage, or that an unnamed churchman had tampered somewhat with voyages two and three. Beaglehole would have put me right—but I never raised the long white cloud of New Zealand. At Singapore's Raffles Museum my letter of credit slid to zero. The rest of my circumnavigation had to be fortuitous. In Seattle, my cherished octavos of Cook were bought by Harry Hartman, the blind bookseller. Reading my circumstances by subtler perceptions, he paid, I am sure, too much.

In a New England library where I found work I began to catch up again, persuading it to buy for £1-9-8 a proffered copy of Admiral W. J. L. Wharton's "literal transcription" (1893) from an amanuensis copy of Cook's first-voyage journal. Its preface solved one puzzle. Dr. Hawkesworth, the improver, had worked from several accounts: "all jumbled together, the whole being put into Cook's mouth, it is impossible to know whether we are reading Cook, Banks, Solander, or Hawkesworth himself." I felt better about my secret enthusiam. Anyone who cared could encounter Cook himself in Wharton's edition. Yet it is one reason for these indulgences in memory that nobody seemed to care. The only edition in print in the 20th century had been the Everyman's Library reissue of an abbreviated version edited by Sir John Barrow in the 1850s. Boswell was being prodigiously rehabilitated from primary manuscripts. Fair enough. We were getting an extraordi-

Alexander Laing was granted a Guggenheim Fellowship to study the long voyages of the Polynesians. At present, he is at work on a biography of Commodore William Bainbridge.

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nary view of one cramped fragment of mankind. Yet something comparable seemed increasingly in order for the world-disclosing seaman with whom Boswell chatted at dinner on the night of Paul Revere's ride.

There were plenty of biographies, but even the three best—by his contemporary Andrew Kippis (1788), by Arthur Kitson (1907), and by Hugh Carrington (1939)—all seemed to miss the "elect spirit" perceived by Beaglehole, whom I flattered myself with having glimpsed beneath Dr. Hawkesworth's flowery phrases. As to the lack of interest in my own country, I wondered whether I had found an explanation in Sir Joseph Carruther's sesquicentennial life (1930), which had seemed to need two forewords by eminent statesmen, both hailing it as a rehabilitation of Cook from "unfounded and ignorant aspersions" of "narrow-minded men." The central sinner turned out to be Sheldon Dibble, an American missionary in Hawaii, who in a textbook falsified the record to make Cook seem an Antichrist for having encouraged the natives to worship him. According to Carrington, Dibble succeeded so well that "the whole people of Hawaii, indeed Americans generally, held his name in detestation." Had detestation, in a less theologically obsessed century, simply slumped into indifference?

In 1946, when J. A. Williamson's compact *Cook and the Opening of the Pacific* evaluated its subject as "the greatest explorer of his age, the greatest maritime explorer of his country in any age," I remember wondering, who, of other countries, in other ages, took precedence. Columbus? Magellan? Heroic stumblers upon the unforeseen, whose "equipment of genius" was incomplete. At last, at mid-century, news trickled through the pipelines of scholarship that the task of presenting Cook in his own words was indeed under way, in the best hands of all. The first volume was ready late in 1955, its very format full of reassurances. The jacket copy began with Williamson's assessment, quoted above, and included the comment, "It is a reproach to scholarship that Cook's own record of his voyages has never till now been faithfully reproduced from the manuscripts written in his own hand."

Few reproaches have ever been so magnificently erased. The core of Beaglehole's edition begins with the Canberra ms. of the first voyage, Cook's own account which had eluded Wharton. Clues in the Public Record Office could have led to it at any time after 1910, but, as the new editor notes, "no one wished to go beyond the edition Wharton printed in 1893." A brief use of either, by itself,

POEM

Holding you up to the light,
the light drives through you.
Clearly, I see all your imperfections—

your blood a shade too red,
your veins too purple.

With my tongue
I catch the light. I feel it tickle.
In the distance between us

we watch it make little spots
like a fish's breathing.

Rochelle Ratner

reveals the problem approached disastrously by Hawkesworth and inadequately by Wharton. Cook, the self-instructed genius, had not yet schooled himself as a writer. Like all captains on important voyages, he was noting down technical essentials only, for the eyes of technical men at the Admiralty. Prior editors of numerous compacted editions had simply eliminated everything puzzling or difficult. Most of them, following Hawkesworth's pattern, had prettied up the remainder. To Beaglehole, the puzzling or difficult is at every point a spur. He handles it in two ways, in footnotes that comprise about a fifth of the 479 pages given to the first-voyage journal, and in mutually supportive introductory essays that make a remarkable book by themselves, here filling 274 large pages. Matters that would too greatly extend the footnotes appear in 204 pages of annexes.

But what footnotes!—witty, terse, none unnecessary. A comparison of the Canberra transcript with Hawkesworth reveals that hard-pressed improver's elision of Cook's subtler judgments, with the commonplaces of other observers patched in. This obscures the great seaman who was slowly learning authorship. Beaglehole demonstrates, in his edition of the second voyage issued in 1961, that by this time Cook was deliberately writing for publication. Yet the editor's problem as he reviews it in Volume II was exquisitely difficult. Two overlapping Cook holographs cover the entire voyage, but amanuensis copies include many passages, clearly Cook's own, made from lost originals. Footnotes manage the problem without ever being burdensome, in an even larger volume—1,186 pages—again provided with an introduction that would make a fascinating separate book.

Hawkesworth was right in thinking the journal of young Joseph Banks an indispensable part of the record of the first voyage, even if he sinfully put its words often into Cook's mouth. Beaglehole took time out to edit a scrupulous two-volume edition of Banks, published in 1962, superseding that of Sir Joseph Hooker, which he characterizes as "a scene of carnage. . . . Whole paragraphs, whole pages, are scored through: what was left, Hooker did not hesitate to rewrite."

The third voyage of James Cook, under Beaglehole's editing, was in some ways the hardest to edit because of the explorer's death at Hawaii and the long controversy consequent. It fills two volumes, to a total of 1,871 pages, the larger part being given to journals of other officers. The sheer bulk thus indicated, with a biographical Volume IV still to come, gives the most unimportant dimension of a phenomenal work of scholarship that has gone almost unremarked in the American press. G. R. Crone, noticing Volume III in the *Geographical Journal*, wrote that Beaglehole's Cook "cannot be superseded . . . an astonishing accomplishment, unequaled in the literature of exploration and with few rivals in any branch of historical research." Ernest S. Dodge, director of the Peabody Museum at Salem, welcomed Volume III with a handsome review in the *American Neptune*, concluding, "On this voyage, as with the two previous, Beaglehole has done his usual magnificent editorial job. The introduction, a superb piece of literary craftsmanship, is packed with facts and a joy to read." The right note, for it is Beaglehole, as a joy to read, who somehow emerges from this tremendous task as crisp as ever.

Why then has an incontestable monument of creative scholarship never been even noticed in the stout indexes to *The New York Times*, that has given generous coverage to such writers as Alan Moorehead who have mined Beaglehole's Cook for their own derivative books? The reason is hardly exculpatory, but there is one: this phenomenal accomplishment was issued in England as an Extra Series by the Hakluyt Society. No part of it has yet been published through the trade. Scholars can get at it in any self-respecting major library, but that has nothing to do with my point. John Cawte Beaglehole, partly I think because he took himself seriously as a poet, was one of the superb masters of prose in an untidy century. He should be known, not only for his magnificent restoration of a great subject, James Cook, but, as has become the case with Boswell, for himself.

I wish I had starved my way to see him, long ago. After his obituary in *The Times* of London, letters flowed in from those who admired and loved him. A. L. Rowse lamented, from Oxford, that he had been unable to persuade Professor

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Beaglehole to write "the story of the New Zealand Cornish." That's insularity for you. Another correspondent quoted a sardonic speech on progress in New Zealand: "Lambton Quay inexorably curves into the future, and Wellington is a fringe to a multi-laned motorway. Yes, our maturity is upon us."

The most affecting letter, a long one, came from Dr. Helen Wallis, the incomparable helper of seekers after obscurely hinted-at maps that might be in her British Museum. Beaglehole acknowledges her help in his Volume III. She referred to "his brilliant introductions setting the scene," but, more important, revealed that, "At the time of his death John Beaglehole had completed, and was revising and checking his 795 typescript pages of the *Life of Cook*," and later, "His warm sympathy which made him so well loved as a friend and colleague was extended to Captain Cook, whose character he depicted with compelling power." We have something to wait for still, but already Beaglehole has done something which that great leather bottle of pomposities, Dr. Johnson, could not even conceive of when he said that he would decline to sail with Cook because "there is very little of intellectual in the course." Beaglehole has revealed to us a galaxy of intellectual insights by which James Cook, in his vast inquisitive endeavor, originated procedures for the comprehension of other cultures—that vital task at which our maniacs in high office are still struggling with such wild ineptitude. □

Nothing Above the Belt?

NIGHT. *By Edna O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf. 179 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

At the end of a wakeful night's skewed remembrance of things past in a house that she must leave in the morning, lonely Mary invokes all her "shadows of love, inebriations of love . . . tastes of love, trickles of love, but never yet the one true love." Regretting nothing, she repines for all, even for what rejoices her in recollection as she scans the randy, sometimes poetic record of a life more than half gone—and, it would appear, much less than half lived.

There was a time when the novelist said little if anything about his characters' excretory and copulatory functions. The reader assumed their existence, and was free to turn his attention to other significant matters. But for a long time now, the novelist has been telling us everything about his creatures' performances of and reflections on these functions alone, and he has less and less often made us feel that there is anything for his personages beyond the walls of bedroom and water closet. Perhaps this is true of our own lives; somehow one is skeptical. In any event, if all above the belt is dust and ashes, what remains is finite and, by now, seems hardly enough for a paragraph.

If a lesser author had written *Night*, one would never have bothered to read it through. But Miss O'Brien is a novelist of many gifts, including poetry and comedy and compassion: that is why the reader keeps the presumption of innocence alive by forced feeding to the very end, and why he then feels so frustrated and so cheated. The flash of poetry, of irony, of insight now and then is not enough to make a work of art out of a sentimental, predictably repetitious monologue of the kind that, at almost any hour, one can hardly escape in a certain category of Third Avenue bar. Even the pretentious malapropisms of those reduced sybils are Mary's, too. But they serve no better than the lexicon of bed and bath to fashion drama or comedy.

The reasons for the book's failure may be indeed more interesting than the book. Is it conceivable that the vein has been mined out? Is it possible that virtually nothing new can be thought or said about the emptiness of lives that are just plain empty? Is it thinkable that there are really subjects that not even the finest writer can bring to life because there is simply nothing there? Apparently, yes.

In one of his essays on film and film criticism, René Clair has remarked on the fashionable fear of attacking vulgarity or tastelessness lest one be excommunicated as outmoded or prudish. The fact remains that much of *Night* is as gratuitous as those portentous examinations of nakedness, violence and real or simulated coupling that have become almost mandatory in films and novels—from the frankly commercial to the most solemnly "artistic."

And in the end this stuff is too tenuous to support more than a sketch—graphic or verbal. It is not that one has no compassion, no empathy for the poor Marys (or Johns): it is simply that some of them are and have ever been totally uninteresting, for all their forlorn touches of spirit now and again. Reading a novel such as *Night*, one finds oneself in a situation not unlike that of a gallery visitor confronting a clever work of abstract painting. Like that painting, Miss O'Brien's novel stuns one's judgment for an initial moment with its

Charles Lam Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book is The Buckleys *(William Morrow & Co.).*

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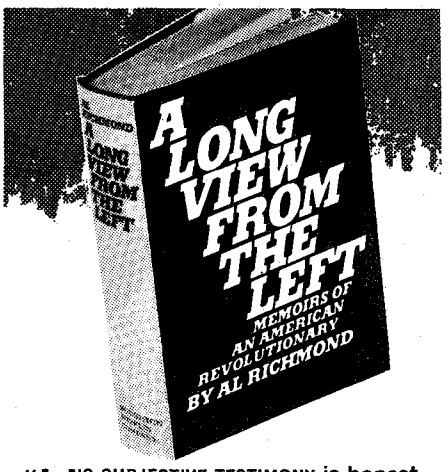

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bravura, its dazzling technical virtuosities. But, the longer one reads (or looks), the plainer it becomes that that is all there is. And technical dazzle is not enough in either instance to induce a hallucination of meaning.

One does not demand of art that it be political, or sociological, or religious, or patriotic or whatever—only that it say something, and that it do so in a form that is integral to its effectiveness. Most fictions have neither substance nor form; many have something (however new or old or inconsequent) to say but lack the means; a few, like *Night*, exacerbate our feelings by their expense of technical brilliance in a waste of banality. Art, it has been said, can exalt anything; but it requires precisely as fine an artist as Miss O'Brien to expose the fallacy. □

The Real Gold: Money in Use

SUPER IMPERIALISM: The Economic Strategy of American Empire. *By Michael Hudson. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 304 pp. $9.95.*

THE COLLAPSE OF BRITISH POWER. *By Correlli Barnett. William Morrow and Co. 640 pp. $15.*

ASHER BRYNES

We go on using a catchall word, imperialism, to describe the relation between the industrialized nations and less-developed countries. But *empire* is a concept so much revised over recent decades that it has now lost any clear meaning. Everybody knows what it implies; nobody knows exactly what it says.

It refers, disapprovingly, to the politics of domination and submission. In bygone times, such relationships were spread by force. Typically, before the French Revolution, the West European nations had commercial economies by means of which they collected goods produced by handicraft methods at home and pushed them into all markets offering hard money. They were perennially searching for cash business in distant countries, for with cash they could open more markets. When they developed industrial economies in the next century, this process became urgent.

Now that the once colonial nations have become independent, they can *owe* money—and the imperial relationship continues to be carried on by the veiled compulsion of debt. They one and all now owe increasing amounts of debt, *minus*-money, to the industrialized countries. And the latter have for some time, as we shall see later, owed the less-developed countries promises to pay in abundance.

The quality of Dr. Hudson's handling of a forbidding subject, the public finance of the most powerful of the industrialized countries, is such that his book survives the strenuous pushing that his blurb writer and the author of the introduction force upon it—and after breathing hard and humorlessly himself he delivers a message as relevant as the morning's newspaper. The gist of it is that we now find ourselves united in deficit with practically all the nations on earth outside the Soviet bloc.

Indeed, there is something chimerical about the independence of the Russians, too. Last year they were forced to come to American markets to buy some $2 billion worth of breadstuffs and soybeans; they even had a shortage of potatoes in their black earth region south and east of Moscow. India, the second most populous country in the world, expects a shortfall in its basic crops if—it is now only a matter of months—this year's monsoon rains are not abundant. And mainland China placed initial orders for more than $75 million of U.S. wheat in January.

How does all this come about? Hudson's account somewhat reduces its economic importance; he looks on it as the latest chapter in the history of Western warfare. So we must turn again to the political events out of which it evolved.

After Theodore Roosevelt and his open cash-and-carry imperialism came Woodrow Wilson, who as a Democrat in a Republican era had an uncertain mandate. He chose as his Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, the most eminent notable of the Democrats. Bryan was in many ways a simplistic man. He shocked the diplomatic set in Washington by serving only grape juice at his receptions. When Wilson asked him for his opinion of the propriety of permitting the warring nations of Europe to sell bonds here for the purchase of military supplies, he said he would forbid it. His exact words, as nearly as I can remember, were, "Credits to nations at war are the worst of all contrabands, since by the spending of them all the other contrabands can be procured."

After thinking over this perhaps overbaid statement, Wilson fired him. Two years later the Americans entered the war, and from that point, 1917, our century of truly *world* wars can be said to have begun—and here Hudson's book really begins too.

Before they state the basic premise of their argument, Hudson and Terence McCarthy, author of the introduction, list the names of old-time anti-imperialists: John Hobson, Karl Kautsky, Rudolf Hilferding and Vladimir Lenin. A fine

Asher Brynes has been a senior staff member of the Senate Foreign Policy Committee and has served also in the Departments of Commerce and Agriculture. He is the author of We Give to Conquer *(W. W. Norton).*

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show of radicalism: they have all been dead since the twenties, however, and their diverse views of imperialism are no more valid in terms of present-day relations between industrialized nations and less-developed countries than the views of their contemporaries at the turn of the century. In essence, our new realization is that the *net cash value* of the ownership of the imperial possessions in all colonial systems, whether British, French, German, Russian or Portuguese, was as monstrously exaggerated by the anti- as by the pro-imperialists. They all quarreled over the atmospherics of conquest and subjection; over the parade of political power in their dealings with the unglamorous facts of life.

In the first years of World War I many Americans shared their overvaluation of empire. They had already partially dropped Cuba, but everywhere else rumors of great imperial fortunes and benefits, public and private, persisted. The immediate effect of these fables of wealth and power was the American insistence, in the early 1920s, that all the world should pay its war debts to the United States. But as Barnett points out, England's returns from her showpiece of empire, India, had been shrinking rapidly since the 19th century. The treaty at Versailles in 1919 revealed that the West Europeans themselves, in the first years after the war, had already toned down their dreams of imperial wealth. Instead, with little discussion they turned upon the defeated Germans and demanded that they pay visionary amounts of war reparations. The myth of empire was thus reversed; the Germans who had lost a visionary fortune (in the Cameroons and German West Africa) were told they owed the nations that sat on the opposite side of the long table, about four times—that is Lord Keynes's estimate—of what they could possibly pay. The only way to meet such a fantastic obligation was to do it with minus-money. So the Germans printed and printed. Then the entente nations, now become minus-rich in German paper, passed the buck to the Americans: if they helped them collect real reparations from the Germans they (the victorious nations) would pay their real war debts to the United States.

"In the history of warfare," says Hudson of that key event, "no ally had requested such payment for its military support. The provision of arms to allies, by universal custom, had been written off as a war cost. This time the [U.S.] credits were officially kept on the books. The eagle had unsheathed its claws." We can date the event exactly: President Wilson's stunningly emphatic letter of August 5, 1920 to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, in which he said he could not see the logic in Lloyd George's assertion that "the United States . . . shall pay part of Germany's reparations and make a gratuity to the Allied governments" of their war debts to the United States. If this procedure was so unique, why did it happen at this particular time?

The Russians, who made a great parade of discarding their empire just after their defeat in World War I, refused to pay any debts whatever. As we have seen, the Americans pulled in the opposite direction, insisting that all their debtors must pay. What was happening was that the one-world-or-none era, into which we are beginning to realize we are all locked, was dawning uncertainly through those clouds of paper money. In this period of acute confusion the Western European countries drove a wedge of buffer nations between themselves and the Communist Russians. And in monetary matters they regilded their issues of paper money, making them exchangeable for gold only in a variety of circuitous ways. It was a quick-fix job all around.

At this point the story is taken up

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in detail by Correlli Barnett's massive *Collapse of British Power*. In brief, the Americans continued their World War I tactics of beggaring the British and the other West Europeans; on the other hand, Barnett argues, the Communist Russians stood up to the Americans and emerged from World War II with their independence intact and their power magnified.

Although Winston Churchill's career spans the Boer War (in which he was a junior officer), World War I (in which he was a principal cabinet officer), and finally World War II (when he was his country's Prime Minister), his working political life fairly symbolizes the Englishman's inability to understand the way the American mind works. He always stressed the cash value of empire. In the election of 1906 Churchill had toured the wards (parishes) of Manchester—a hardware town like our Bridgeport—emphasizing that the imperial authority of Great Britain, especially in India, earned for British industrial workers fully 10 per cent of what they found in their pay envelopes. Throughout his political life he returned again and again to that point, the cash value of empire. He was always a liberal-imperialist, a mixture of things Americans never could understand. What they did understand was that so long as any Old World nation kept an empire it was amply capable of paying the cost of its central government—and, given some extension of credit, could pay for its war government too.

Into this scene popped Churchill at every election, waving his imperialism like a flag of honor; to him it looked scarlet. What the anxious American Republicans and Democrats saw were red figures everywhere, standing for the minus-money which they anticipated they would be paid by the British. But not in the last years of World War II nor immediately afterward. By that time the Americans had learned a good deal about public finance, and their activities for war relief (UNRRA) and reconstruction (Marshall Plan) were financed by *grant* money, or gift certificates printed as dollar bills. But after the Marshall Plan was over they did expect to be paid for their foreign aid to the industrialized countries, and to them normal payment meant moneys exchangeable at stable rates of exchange throughout the free world.

What monetary economists call money of account, or bookkeeping money, like rubles or zlotys, was an abomination to the Americans. The values of the currencies issued by totalitarian states depend on the raw power of the government that issues them; they are valueless (and illegal to offer in exchange) outside their borders. And this is the difference between living under regimes of force or freedom.

Hudson refers to this all-important difference just once, when he turns, in a half-sentence, to talking about the ultimate political value that most of us in this part of the world esteem beyond price. The Americans, he says, gave "money and technology to finance a take-off by these [less-developed] countries into non-Communist, even if nonparticipatory, democracy." Sure, the United States has given aid to the Yugoslavs, the Poles and even the Czechs, but is not participation the one clue that runs through these confusions? What can be the value of unpracticed democracy? And is what they have in Soviet Russia today also nonparticipatory democracy?

At the present time the Americans owe tens of billions of dollars to nearly everybody, and the exceptions to this broad rule, the Soviet Russians and the Communist Chinese, watch the United States to estimate the future terms on which they may be able to buy American wheat, feedstuffs, and other staples. This has become the American Century, certainly, in the output of agricultural products. Indeed there seems to be only one commodity in the world that is at present beyond U.S. control, and that is gold itself. Gold traders have been jacking up the quotations on it through one ceiling after another—and these are the only disbelievers in the soundness of American economy.

Our dollars are really deferred promises to pay all the peoples living in Hudson's "super empire" some of the gold that the United States normally keeps locked up at Fort Knox. In formal, monetary terms, that portion of it appears substantial; it is about a fourth of all the gold that the industrialized nations of the free world hold together for this purpose—$46 billion in total. But this is dwarfed by the hundreds of billions in our paper money alone that we have issued to everybody willing to accept it at face value. It's as if all the nations were doing business with undated bearer checks signed by our recent Secretaries of the U.S. Treasury. The size of this internationalized float of U.S. currency is $286 billion. Our multinational corporations and larger branch banks control some $190 billion of that total, and the remainder of it, about $85 billion, is held as a dollar reserve by the central or state banks of the industrial nations of Western Europe and Japan. It is an index of the sheer size of the U.S. economy that our domestic float of currency in all forms, including dollars on deposit in local banks, adds up to about the same quantity of money that the central banks of the industrial nations retain as an international dollar reserve.

In theory all foreign central banks carrying that dollar reserve could have used those $85 billion to buy currencies of greater cash value at the moment, German marks and Japanese yen. They could also have used it to buy gold in the London and Zurich markets. Actually, they appear to have done neither because they had a residual confidence in the American economy. The recent monetary furor was begun by multinational corporations and big branch banks and private persons in a position to risk a lot in order to make a lot. Their speculative transactions amounted in all to about $7.5 billion. How much did all the speculators profit? The gilded dust hasn't settled yet, but the estimate going around in knowledgeable circles is more than $700 million.

The normal trading turnover in the gold market is from $5 million to $10 million daily. In times of crisis the turnover may go as high as $50 million to $100 million. Overall, it appears that speculators in gold merely made millions, in comparison to the buyers of marks and yen, who simultaneously made hundreds of millions.

If the Soviet Russians were now using exchangeable or hard money the odds are that they would have latched on to some of that greater loot. Only in the quotations of Russian banks is the ruble stronger than the dollar—nobody can count rubles against other currencies except the Russians themselves. So the speculative

THE DEBRIS OF MEDITATION
(for Lorca)

There is a lark
listening in a stone

a stone turning
around the lark

changing the lark
to a smooth curve

Lark and stone
so close

wound tightly
into themselves

their music making
a single shadow

There is no telling
where wings begin

and rough granite ends

Tom McKeown

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dealings of *their* central banks were limited to the opportunities for petty profits that turned up in the gold markets. Coming in toward the conclusion of the excitement, particularly in Zurich, they offered fractions of their gold reserve (which is rumored to be second in size after that of South Africa), in small lots, carefully. They were credited in Swiss bankers' gossip with being the people who in the week of February 18, nudged up the price of the metal to its peak of $95 an ounce. This perhaps is a triumph for a government whose revolutionary leader answered, when he was asked what he would do about Russia's gold reserve, "We'll use it to pave our public toilets." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

A Streetcar Named Desire is still a beautiful play, the most fully achieved of Tennessee Williams' writings (Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center). Its beauties are of several kinds. It is admirably constructed, its language is fluent, euphonious, delicate and sinewy. It possesses oblique humor and a romantic glow which occasionally verges on a sentimentality I do not find in the least objectionable. It is imbued with a theatrical atmosphere, a kind of magic spell which makes certain plays endure beyond our interest in their ideas, novelty or topical relevance.

It is just these qualities, plus the opportunity the play offers for fine acting and vivid staging, which may obscure its essential meaning. Its value in this regard was generally overlooked when it was first produced in 1948 and, judging by comments I have heard and read, it is still missed. The play is appreciated as a sort of superior sob story, but it is more significantly an American parable.

It is not, as one reviewer has hastily summarized it, a conflict between the realist and the romantic but a dramatization of sensibility crushed by a brutishness so common among us that many people take Stanley Kowalski to be the play's "hero." For them, Kowalski is the ordinary down-to-earth guy, virile, hard-working, a devoted husband, only occasionally guilty of bouts of drinking and sudden aggressiveness without special malice, whose pastimes of poker or bowling are certainly harmlessly convivial. If he is coarse in speech and uncouth in manner, well, aren't we all today a little like that? Kowalski at least is without pretensions.

His sister-in-law, a high school English teacher, prates about Poe, Hawthorne and other of our literary masters; she affects highflown speech and lofty ideals, while in fact she is part of a Southern psuedo-aristocracy gone to seed. She lies, she drinks, she has been sexually incontinent. Seeing the situation in this light, a good part of the audience laughs at Blanche and "sides" with Kowalski, whose idol is Huey Long and who is "100 per cent American, born and raised in the greatest country on earth and proud as hell of it." When Blanche speaks of trying to progress beyond our animal condition many are inclined to laugh at her, and indeed she *is* slightly absurd.

When in my review of the original production of the play I found Marlon Brando's Kowalski a magnificent piece of acting, but somewhat misleading through its connotations of almost "Dostoevskian" suffering, many thought me wrong-headed. One person, close to the production, challenged me by citing Williams himself as having said "Kowalski is America's future." Precisely so! He represents a thuggishness, a lack of imagination, a moral obtuseness which begins as brute innocence and ends in vicious destructiveness. Not long after my discussion with Kowalski's champion, I read that when an interviewer asked Williams the meaning of his play, he answered that it meant that if we were not vigilant our country would be taken over by gorillas.

Blanche's intellectual background, like so much of our own, is shallow; the roots of her cultivation and idealism are weak and they are easily eroded, but she has true instincts and feelings; she does aspire to a fullness of life, a recognition of something more than our gross needs for simple survival. Kowalski resents the accusation implied by Blanche's very presence; he is therefore bent on destroying her. He stands for the norm, the "compact majority," the mass scornful of that dimension of affectivity and thought outside the area of vulgar use and creature comfort. Such as he are always suspicious and finally virulently embattled against the "highbrow," the "eggheads," the poets, the spiritually hungry. The latter in our society are rarely strong or immovably self-assured. They are not prepared or armed to withstand the weight of the adversary's oppression. For the Kowalskis, people like Blanche are "troublemakers" disturbing the peace of their slothful habit. They must be gotten rid of as Stanley Kowalski, after raping her, gets rid of Blanche, who has "always depended on the kindness of strangers."

The production under Ellis Rabb's direction has merit, is indeed one of his better efforts. Douglas Schmidt's setting is among the very few which have taken advantage of the large stage space of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre. We are given some sense of the neighborhood environment, though I must add that the by-play between scenes is too regularly repeated without being particularly tell-

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ing. John Gleason's lighting suggests some of the heat and humidity of New Orleans' Elysian Fields and the hangdog glamor of certain ghettoes.

Rabb moves the play with some of the grace of Williams' writing and "musical" structure. There is, however, too much decorative symbolism. The doctor and nurse who take Blanche off to an asylum enter at a funereal pace and dressed in black. The young newspaper boy stands outside the house, gazing at it in yearning memory of the strange woman who mysteriously kissed him. I do not understand why the Mexican woman who sells flowers for the dead is played by a man, unless it is to permit Sydney Walker, a veteran of the repertory company, one last chance to appear under Jules Irving's management. The effect of the scene is muffed.

Rosemary Harris' Blanche is on the picturesque and dreamy side and within that interpretive range very good. But as I see Blanche's function in the play, Miss Harris is somewhat too broken from the outset, too fragile, too weepy, to the point of "splintering" the heartwarming velvet tone of her natural voice. Though Blanche is a highly vulnerable being, she ought to be given more substance in reason—that is, she should be seen to be talking sense, not just airy "poetry" when she speaks of humanity's high hopes. The performance overstresses the quivering and shaken Southern belle at the expense of the character's dramatic will, her resistance to her sister Stella's surrender and complaisance in Kowalski's orbit. We must never forget that, for all her flaws there is also something genuine and worthy in Blanche. Otherwise, there is no pathos in her defeat.

James Farentino's Kowalski is an unexceptionably direct performance, serving the literal demands of the part. Patricia Conolly (Stella) is an able actress, though I did not feel her origins were those of her sister. Despite these qualifications, the production is one of the most successful given by the repertory company in its years at the Vivian Beaumont, and is certainly worth seeing.

Watching Claire Boothe Luce's *The Women* (46th Street Theatre), I fancied its author in league with a dressmaking establishment. The vast array of ladies in the play are constantly changing their nifty outfits and wearing them fetchingly. In the old manuals of playmaking, the student was instructed in the desirability of devising scripts which called for a variety of feminine costumes. There are lots of clothes in *The Women*.

There may be some satiric intent in the play; the author once thought of calling it "Park Avenue" to indicate that she did not mean her play to depict women in general, but only most of the rich bitches of her acquaintance. When I saw the play in 1936 it made virtually no impression on me—except for the pleasant sight of the blonde floozy in her bath. I can hardly say the play exists today as anything more than a specimen of middle or low camp. It aroused no hostility in me; I laughed at a few of the wholly unmemorable cracks, and I do not doubt that there is an audience for such a show, especially as it requires a cast of good-looking actresses. The present production provides them.

Alexis Smith has gorgeous gams and the aura of good nature which emanates from her person makes it happily impossible to take the cattiness of the character she plays the least bit seriously. Rhonda Fleming is pretty and shapely and acts as credibly as the occasion demands. Dorothy Loudon is an expert comedienne. Kim Hunter, Marie Wallace and the others fill the picture agreeably. There is an extraordinarily amusing bit of grotesque comedy in the show: Jan Miner as a brummagem countess. Her "send up" is one of the acting highlights of the season. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Considering all the changes that Rudolf Nureyev has made in the National Ballet of Canada's *Sleeping Beauty*, first seen in New York on April 24, it is odd that this production bears an imprint as strongly scenic as it is choreographic. In fact, it could be said to be Nicholas Georgiadis' show. His sets and costumes have an unusual unity of color and style. Everything is grand, well-proportioned, elaborate but not fussy. The sets contain the inevitable pillars and grand staircase (down which Princess Aurora makes her first entrance), and the tutus are plentifully embroidered, but all specific features of design are absorbed in an aura of soft lines and muted color. The sets are in browns and golds; the costumes in many colors, but so subtly shaded that it seems Georgiadis underlaid the whole production with one color of paint.

He creates a world of good taste. Georgiadis' vision—his decor is a rarity in that it is endowed with point of view—also contributes a sense of importance to the action. It enables us to feel that when Princess Aurora is pricked with the needle and falls into slumber the entire world (or the world that counts) stops, and that, accordingly, Prince Florimund's kiss to awaken the sleeping beauty restores nature and law and order—i.e., they marry. To my senses, *Sleeping Beauty* has always suffered from an inconsequential plot, but Georgiadis' production corrects that situation.

In the end, though, this *Sleeping Beauty* becomes heavy with grandeur and subtlety of color. Much as one admires the barest suggestion of pink in Aurora's tutu for the "Rose Adagio," the white-gray-lilac for the Lilac Fairy's dress, and the way the other fairies' blue, green, lavender and yellow tutus all seem related to the color of the earth, one feels stifled by Georgiadis' mauve sensibility. Feathered headdresses, a dominant leitmotif, become welcome for their awkwardness. The scene in which the prince and Lilac Fairy stand in a boat that magically weaves around the stage on its voyage to the land of the sleeping princess brings with it a realization that there is precious little magic any other time. The very stunningness of the costumes for the court dance preceding the wedding—tapestried tights and bodices in rich russet colors—points up an incipient well-bred dullness in the rest of the production. Georgiadis has designed an unleavened spectacle, but he has also produced a self-contained, identifiable world in which the dancers may live.

What the dancers *dance* is, as the program states, "Nureyev after Petipa." The program could also have said that the National Ballet of Canada appears at the Metropolitan Opera (April 24 to May 13) under the auspices of Nureyev, for it is unlikely that the Canadians would have been signed for the big time without a big-time name and his touted *Sleeping Beauty*, which consumed two weeks of the three-week engagement. Nureyev's cuts, embellishments, switch-arounds and new material in both the music and dancing are mixed. The most apparent reason for his taking on the ballet that has been called the apotheosis of the Petipa era was to beef up the prince's role, which Nureyev danced at every performance except Sunday matinées. Whereas the traditional *Sleeping Beauty* (première 1890) allows one male solo in the final act, Nureyev's prince dominates the second act with several solos. Believe it or not, it is possible to get into a philosophical discussion about this. Is ballet a female-dominated profession? Was it a mistake to counter Petipa's feeling that it is? Should one take the title of the ballet literally? Is Nureyev on an ego trip? Is it correct to mess with the classics? Is *Sleeping Beauty* so foolproof that it

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allows no room for reinterpretation and reworking?

Despite the prince's ascendancy, the ballet is still about the woman. Petipa's predilection toward ballerinas might have been based less on principles than pragmatism. Perhaps the Russian court favored women, and perhaps there was a scarcity of male classicists at the end of the 19th century. Today there are great male classicists, men who not only leap and spin but have beautiful line and refined techniques that can handle detailed footwork and adagio movement. In short, they can do what a female dancer does and look male by virtue of *being* male. In perfect keeping with the male dancer's liberation movement, the solos Nureyev has given himself are not feats of elevation but slow meditations that show off the body's contours, strength in repose and flexibility. They allow the viewer to dwell on the male dancer's stretched muscles and pointed feet and clarity of line and to enjoy the contrast between muscular bulk and small, delicate movement. They prove that a man can do much more than the "men's stuff," and they carry to a logical conclusion the fact that ballet classes are co-ed. The pity of Nureyev's interpolations in an old ballet is their indication that few contemporary choreographers are interested in the possibilities of male classicism.

Sleeping Beauty does have many dead spots, particularly in the ensemble dances, that invite choreographic sprucing. Nureyev's reworking of them are no improvement; being unimproved, they merely remove the pleasure of watching familiar things. On the positive side, there is a new rousing and longer finale dance in character style, where the company may let down its hair a trifle and bring the show to a proper finish. Before Puss 'n' Boots (called pussycats in this production) perform their duet at the wedding celebration, the master of ceremonies gestures that they have been invited to bring comic relief into the momentous occasion of marriage, and the assembled courtiers make laughing motions in appreciation of the idea. This little bit of about three seconds' duration makes the "pussycat" variation dramatically sensible for the first time and is a fine example of how one may "reinterpret" a classic so as to enliven it. The only outright destruction wrought has been a downgrading of the six fairies' variations in the prologue. This happened partly because of changes in choreography, confused staging and the soloists' inability to make of each variation a miniature characterization of temperament. Obscuring the female variations is much, much more false to the spirit of Petipa than is boosting the male's role. Just as sacred but not as important as the fairies' variations is the role of the Lilac Fairy, which Nureyev has changed from dance to mime. He had his reasons. He sees her as a literal counterpart to Carabosse, the bad fairy, which in the West had traditionally been a mimed role. So they both "act" their way through the story (one stomping, the other gliding), and they both wear wide, hooped skirts. The only disappointment is that while the Lilac Fairy was very, very good, Carabosse was willy-nilly bad. What kind of fairy tale is it that doesn't reek with evil? □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

There are periods in which the history of ideas provides commonplaces by which we can securely describe our culture. In terms of visual aesthetics, for instance, the 20th century has been described as essentially devoted to the definition of art in all its purity, without literature, without propaganda. The 18th-century notion of the separation of the arts from one another has been rigidly maintained, primarily to justify Abstract art. The formal organization present in all art was isolated as the most desirable, the unique, aspect of painting and sculpture and it was in Abstract art that this property could be seen unencumbered.

The popularity of this view, and variants of it which have de eloped in Europe and the United States, have had the effect of closing out alternative approaches and of reducing the diversity of 20th-century art. It followed that those artists who were not abstract were off-center, out of line, though redemption was possible for figurative artists who emphasized formal devices over iconography. The real diversity of our period has been cut back to a single us/them overview, consisting of one mainstream with everything else relegated to a provincial or backward-looking inferiority. Every time a contemporary art historian contrasts a progressive with a *retardataire* style, he is assuming implicitly this simple-minded view of culture.

There has been a loss of confidence in this idea recently, both as an account of 20th-century art history and as an aesthetic; or, perhaps more accurately, there has been a recovery of confidence in more broadly based ideas. The excluded data are beginning to seem too numerous and the theory itself looks thin and naive. Thus both the pile-up of exceptions and the exhaustion of the argument are freeing us to consider alternative theories of organization. It is not a question of opposing a Dadaist or a Realist aesthetic to Abstraction, because that would perpetuate the error of taking a small-scale idea and making it stand for the whole. What is needed is a general theory of art which does justice to the achieved multiplicity of the past seventy years. One way of approaching this goal is to rehabilitate ideas neglected and put down by the dominant Abstract-formalist theories. A recent exhibition with the topical merit of defining one of the excluded traditions of modern art that have flourished under the shadow of Abstract art was "Italian Visual Poetry, 1912-1972," held at the Finch College Museum in collaboration with the Istituto Italiano di Cultura.

The exhibition, arranged by Luigi Ballerini (who wrote and edited the informative catalogue), begins with Futurism, specifically with F. T. Marinetti's "Technical Manifesto of Futurist Literature," written in 1912. Employing an antisyntactical tactic, Marinetti galvanized words by use of the typographical flexibility established by the free verbal layout of Symbolist posters (such as Toulouse-Lautrec's). This deployment of words in space, forcing them to a semi-ideographic status, was picked up by other Futurists, among them Balla, Carra,

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Russolo, Severini and Soffici. The exhibition also included books by Fortunato Depero, a rarely seen second-generation Futurist. One advantage of Ballerini's approach is the difference it makes to Marinetti's position. When viewed in the usual way in which the formal values of Futurist painting and sculpture are uppermost, he seems somewhat awkward, a loud-mouthed impresario but not himself an artist, although oddly able to influence artists. When one views Futurism in terms of pictorialized language, however, Marinetti's authority can no longer be ascribed merely to bullying. He is a significant, and significantly early, exponent of the rapprochement of verbal and visual forms of communication.

If you believe that the core of modern art is the formal play of distilled visual forms, Marinetti's position has no interest or value. Taken without this bias, however, his theory and practice appear as part of a widespread and maintained line of 20th-century art, one familiar part of which is Ezra Pound's theory of the ideogram (i.e., writing that resembles its referents). It is interesting to see how in his exhibition Ballerini proposes a continuity of Italian art after Marinetti's version of Horace's *Ut Pictura Poesis* ("As is Painting, so is Poetry"). It is not a matter of making Marinetti the fountainhead of everything that came later, but to show that the admixture of the arts that he urged—that is to say, the impurity of the arts—has been in recurring use.

In Rome of the late 1950s, there was a great interest in graffiti: the artist in "Italian Visual Poetry" representing this aspect of the subject was Gaston Novelli. He, like others, was prompted less by the archaeological walls of Rome than by the example of Jean Dubuffet, who in *Les Murs*, swung the collective art of graffiti into one-man control. The artist, in a sense, took the tribe in his hand when he worked in a way that simulated long-term build-ups of graffiti. Futurist typography of course had been linked to the celebration of urban life and industrial products, and post-World War II graffiti in art was, on the contrary, the outcome of a deeply sensed organicism; but both styles depended on the visual appropriation of words, whether printed or written. Graffiti-like layering was urbanized by Mimmo Rotella with his collages made of samples of torn posters, ripped to reveal the strata of heads, body parts, words, products, colors, as laid down by "generations" of advertisers. (Rotella was an Italian member of the mainly French New Realist movement, most of whom employed the technique of *"affiches déchirées."*)

Examples can be multiplied to argue for the interpenetration of visual and verbal forms, of mixed channels, as a constituent of 20th-century art. Gianfranco Baruchello uses a detailed diagrammatic form in which visual and verbal signifiers coalesce in post-Klee complexity. Gianni Emilio Simonetti uses comic strips done in a naturalistic deadpan style, without visual continuity, and with speech and think balloons filled with sententious political reflections. (The disjunction of format and speech is rather like the Eluard quotes and Pascal references in Jean-Luc Godard's learned B-movie *Alphaville.*) Not all these Italian artists may be familiar to American readers, but their validity should not be in doubt. They are a part of one of the neglected traditions of modern art; they are among those artists who must be ignored by the criteria of Roger Fry, Robert Rey, Waldemar Georges, Clive Bell, Clement Greenberg, all of whom have preferred a streamlined formalism above a sense of historical fact and above a willingness to judge art in relation to the intentions of the artist. □

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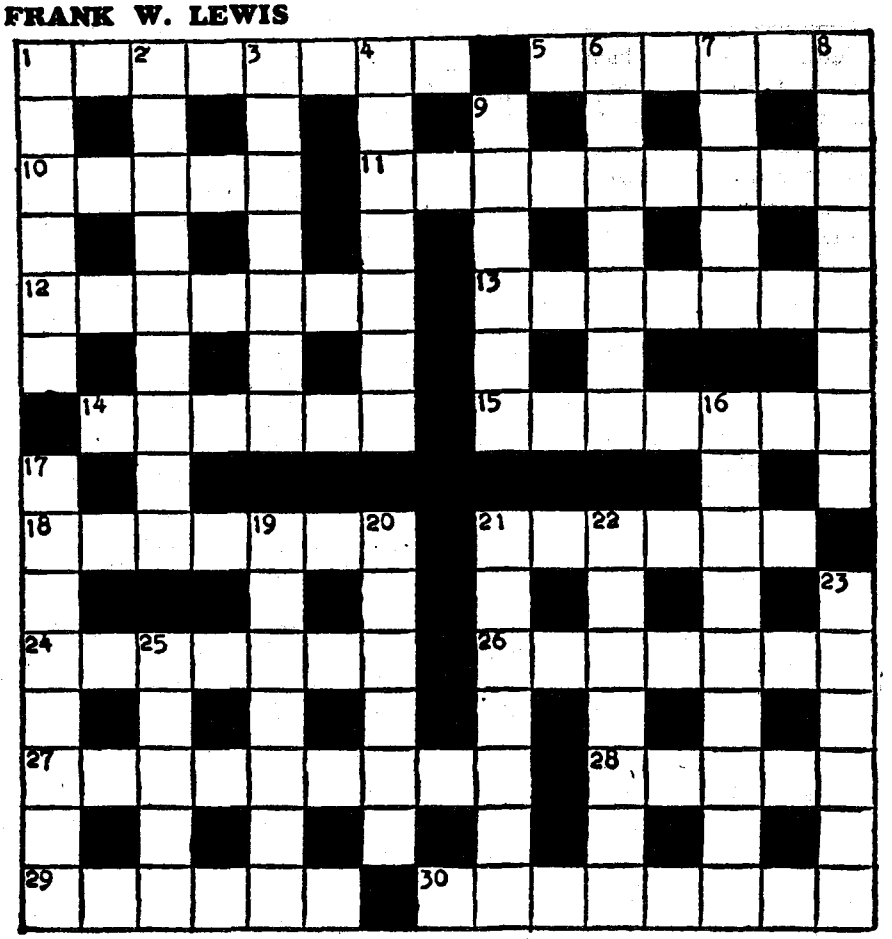
Crossword Puzzle No. 1489

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 The impact of bad management on labor, at times. (8,6)
10 The inclusive price of an article in the area of New York or San Francisco? (5)
11 Supposedly perfect, it's some time ago legend created it. (6,3)
12 The closest thing to a sort of 19. (7)
13 Tortured soul, let free to find more buyers. (7)
14 The result might be spotty, and rather picayune. (6)
15 Edging along a number in what may be off the main track. (7)
18 The next remedy you see might have the greatest content. (7)
21 Possibly pierce the contents, according to directions. (6)
24 Causes only slight trouble about a number of charges. (7)
26 and 25 down Most powerful thing that a suitor might do, as a last resort in some cases. (7,5)
27 For example, plays or such in Islam use men to take part therein. (9)
28 A side product of intellectual action?
29 Stretch the beginning of 18 and the last of anything. (6)
30 A number in a typical layer become brighter or more conspicuous. (8)

DOWN

1 and 23 down Possibly Eve, or you, for example. (6,6)
2 The way a common man is made up as a highwayman? (4-5)
3 Nervous people are said to have them. (Young Tom and his siblings, for example.) (7)
4 A continual evening performance is suggestive of some of the Camelot cast. (7)
6 Worried about the condition of some fingerboards? (7)
7 Feel a tendency to show it, or make proud? (5)
8 Proving science and religion can be related. (8)
9 Flows for half a century in necessary provisions. (6)
16 Simple men take the absence of alcoholic beverage to be the instrument of labor. (9)
17 Split peas, possibly, at cost. (8)
19 One point behind, descriptive of our Atlantic coast. (7)
20 Another point is lost by 19 at this time.
21 An ornament placed in memory? (7)
22 Top half of the table game? Topping! (7)
23 See 1 down
25 See 26 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1488

ACROSS: 1 Free-for-all; 6 and 26 Brandish; 10 Rattled; 11 Tallest; 12 Traffic officer; 14 Latitude; 15 Mantle; 16 Season; 18 Bedaubed; 22 Art for art's sake; 24 Bedevil; 25 Sconces; 27 Remarkably. DOWN: 1 First class; 2 Extract; 3 Full fathom five; 4 Reduced; 5 Let off; 7 Reelect; 8 Nets; 9 All in day's work; 13 Needlessly; 17 Abrades; 19 Eurasia; 20 Bear-cub; 21 Tralee; 22 Abed.

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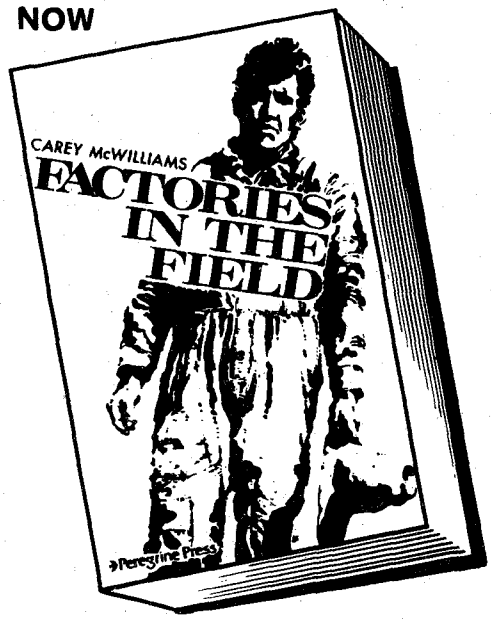

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